

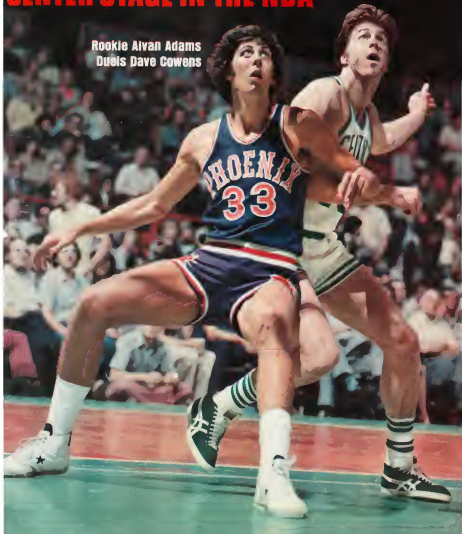
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 7, 1976

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Use gas wisely. **AGA** American Gas Association



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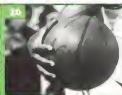
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A RENDEZVOUS in Montreal for milers Filbert Bayi and John Walker is expected to last about 3½ minutes, time enough to make Olympic history. Kenny Moore reports on the preparations.

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IT'S A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OVERDUE, BUT AT LAST RED SMITH HAS A PULITZER

In college I took a creative-writing course in which the visiting professor was Kingsley Amis, then celebrated as one of Britain's Angry Young Men. One of his first questions was who were my favorite writers. J. D. Salinger, naturally, fell trippingly off my tongue. I added Tennessee Williams and backed them up with somebody like Joyce or Melville as a measure of my desperation (neither of them could I read with a gun to my head). "Anyone else?" Amis asked.

"Well," I said, "Red Smith."

Naturally, Amis wanted to know who this Red Smith might be, and I explained that he was a syndicated sports columnist. Amis nodded and managed to contain himself, but a short time later a friend in England sent me an article Amis had written about his American experience. He devoted much space and many jibes to the typical American boy who had actually cited a sports columnist as a favorite writer.

This all came back to me the other day when Red Smith won the Pulitzer Prize for commentary. He is 70 now. Given the grace and style of his work, the sustained excellence, this honor is only about 25 or 30 years overdue. If Red Smith had not written about sports, but about politics or theater or architecture, the judges would have been failing all over him by 1950. It shows the prevailing attitude toward sportswriting that Smith had to join *The New York Times* and become venerable before he could win. For the Pulitzer judges, sportswriting is still declassé.

Although the sports section takes up a healthy portion of any newspaper and is widely read, only three Pulitzers—and one special citation—have been awarded to sportswriters in the 60 years of the prizes' existence. In contrast, almost every year since 1922 one of the tiny number of the nation's newspaper editorial cartoonists wins a Pulitzer. Moreover, in the last 40 years, the only two sports Pulitzers have gone to *Times* columnists—which is rather like reserving Pulitzers for Supreme Court coverage for the *National Enquirer*. Before Smith, Arthur Daley, a nice enough man of modest ability, won one in 1956. Overlooked was Jimmy Cannon, a cocky, often abrasive person who frequently wrote to excess but with a verve, style and originality that uplifted his whole profession.

It is petty of me to say this—I must, to make the larger point—but Smith's present work hardly merits an award, although he has shown an almost adolescent maturity

continued

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VIEWPOINT *continued*

of late, passionately espousing the players' cause in their continuing struggle with the owners. But on the whole, the words merely hum along now, an old tune, instead of singing, as they once did. I'm happy justice has been served, even 25 years late, but what a continuing insult to newspaper sportswriters it is that when the Pulitzer committee designs to give a sports award—once every blue moon—it makes something of a hash of it.

This snub of the sports pages is an ongoing injustice. Consider Jim Murray, the humorist of the *Los Angeles Times*. For nine of the last 10 years the newspaper sportswriters of America have named him the best in the country. Can you imagine the political writers voting such an honor to a peer nine out of 10 years, and having the Pulitzer committee overlook their choice? Or consider Dick Young of the *New York Daily News*. Unlike Murray or Smith, Young is not renowned for his style, but he is an incisive reporter, and his column is a brilliant original, newspapering at its best. If they are lucky, perhaps Murray and Young will someday be pensioned off to the *Times* so that they might be discovered by the Pulitzer judges.

But it is even more of a failure of the Pulitzer not to annually recognize general newspaper sports reporting. Never mind columns. Columns (except for the very few literate ones) tend to drag the whole profession down. Sports columns are often baited out by tired hacks who take up space under their picture predicting scores and writing PR for their golfing pals, the local coaches. But it is this stylized drivel that most people (apparently including Pulitzer people) think of whenever they think of "sports writing."

Indeed, in many respects the sports column is an anachronism, an institutionalized fragment, a garbage pail for spoiled anecdotal hors d'oeuvres. As a day-to-day staple, the column is dated, and a new sports-page trust is apparent in papers like the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Globe* and the *Los Angeles Times*—not surprisingly, the papers with the top three sports sections in the country—where the best young writers are often assigned to produce long, thoughtful and provocative pieces on genuine athletic issues. It is no longer the cap on a newspaper sportswriter's career to become a columnist. Many of the more talented reporters would rather take the time to pursue important sports topics in depth than be the glib dilettante who hangs around the dugout and jots down the manager's bon mots to pass on to the readers. Newspaper sportswriting will move up in esteem when the column is taken for the bagatelle that it is.

In the meantime, the Pulitzer people should realize that on some newspapers sportswriting is every bit as professional and artful—if not more so—than what is found in the general news columns. Such recognition is overdue.

END

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ART TALK

by KATHARINE LOWEY

THE SHOW OF MUSCLES AT THE WHITNEY WAS VITIATED BY ACADEMIC FLABBINESS

Not long ago New York's Whitney Museum did some inept but well-intentioned pioneering with a symposium called "Articulate Muscle: The Male Body in Art"—a presentation of three Mr. Universe types as living objects of art. It was rather ironic that body building, a sport with a low repute in this country, was the one to bridge the gap between art and athletics and that its classical implications were substantial enough to be celebrated in a world-famous and highly respected museum. Yet the more than 2,500 people attending this supposedly exciting and ground-breaking esthetic happening left feeling as if they'd just been to a compulsory night-school class.

The event was inspired by a book called *Pumping Iron*, perhaps the first serious book ever written about body building. Its author, novelist and former weight lifter Charles

Gaines, helped persuade the Whitney to organize the event and was a member of a panel chosen largely from the academic community to see and discuss the bodies of Frank Zane, Ed Corney and Arnold Schwarzenegger, not in athletic terms but as artists living inside their own creations. Gaines, an aristocratic Southerner who looks as if he ran a string of plantations in his spare time, is quoted in *Pumping Iron* as saying, "The body itself is an art medium: malleable, capable of being aesthetically dominated and formed the way clay is by a potter."

When every available inch of floor space was occupied by sitting bodies—except for a central revolving platform where the musclemen would bare themselves to polite society—Charles Gaines and the professional panel were introduced.

Zane then mounted the platform. Gaines introduced him as one of the world's finest posers, explaining that he posed in a melodramatic and choreographed style with very little flexing of muscles. And, he added, Zane was "the most classically symmetrical man in the history of body builders." Zane is square-jawed and handsome, and owns a physique that looks as if someone had magi-

wanded a perfect marble statue into flesh.

The panelists sat stiffly, their fingers tapping. They took turns talking in a bone-dry style about the role of muscular men in ancient and modern art, history, literature and religion. Some of them were against body building, some of them for it. None of them spent any time talking about or seriously regarding the three human beings the audience had paid to see.

The evening had an unreal air about it: it was like tuning in to the Super Bowl, only to hear Howard Cosell announce that this year they would concentrate on the national anthem, halftime ceremonies and videotape interviews and provide only occasional glimpses of the game. Neither the audience nor the panelists had time enough during the much-too-brief posing sessions to form any opinions about the men's artistic merit. The posing was not set to music as it sometimes is, which would have been helpful.

Sitting through the scholarly gobbledygook, often seeing the wrong slide appear to illustrate some textbook example in a room far too bright for slide showing, made the initially enthusiastic audience audibly restless. A lady suggested, "Take good notes—

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there might be a pop quiz afterward." And a venerable executive muttered, "Now I know why my son dropped out of school."

Near the end a foam-rubber cushion floated lazily by the panelists' noses, a harmless soft-sculpture protest. For, besides being unforgivably dull, several remarks were also questionable. One panelist said that a doctor he knew believed weight lifting might well be harmful, whereas other doctors have determined that weight lifters are unusually fit, with less body fat than the norm and spectacular cardiovascular capacities. Another scholar complained about body building's discrimination against females. But women may not have the proper hormonal balance to develop musculature as clearly defined as men's.

Ed Corney was the second poser. He is known for his style and grace and has, for a man of short stature, one of the most perfectly developed of builds. Corney swung from one remarkable pose to another. If one doesn't accept body building as fine art, posing should at least be considered a *performance art*.

Then came the star, the man the audience had been waiting for—Arnold Schwarzenegger. Gaines called him "the greatest body builder who ever lived." Schwarzenegger leaped onto the platform in skintight brown briefs, his body shining like the August moon. He was the tallest and biggest of the three, and the most impressive, despite the fact that he has not been in top shape since he retired last November. He drew wild applause when he sailed into a perfect imitation of *The Thinker*. When he finished posing, he threw up his arms and bounded off the platform while the audience cheered enthusiastically. Then he blew a kiss to his fans, in a sense simultaneously kissing off any detractors.

The body builders dressed before reappearing to answer the panelists' charges. Unlike the panelists, they had no notes and spoke straight and clear. Maybe because they each carried big sticks—arms and legs—they spoke very softly, even graciously.

Zane suggested that people who view him with antipathy must be "Projecting their own feelings of inadequacy" onto him. But neither he nor the other two men pretended that art was their main concern; they consider themselves primarily athletes.

When Schwarzenegger spoke in his rich Austrian accent, he was glowing with obvious rapture. "I actually feel that I'm in heaven being here tonight," he said. "It is the greatest night of my life." The next day he was more qualified in his praise. He told some of his friends that he had ambivalent feelings about the whole thing. "In a personal sense it was terrific. But in every other way," he said, laughing, "it was a total disaster."

END

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Shopwalk

by M. J. SEBASTIAN SMITH

SOME BICYCLE MANUFACTURERS PICTURE GRAPHITE AS THE FRAME OF THE FUTURE

One of the contradictions of bicycling has been: the cheaper the bike, the softer the ride. A superior bike, made with aircraft-quality tubing (selling for \$300 and up) handles with precision, but the rider feels every bump. On the other hand, a mild steel "department store" bike absorbs shock while warping under the stress of hard pedaling. The difficulty is fundamental, inherent in the material—steel. And graphite bikes were supposed to be the answer, delivering high performance and few jars.

It is now more than 2½ years since O. F. Mossberg & Sons, Inc. introduced its X-1000 graphite bicycle. Mossberg claimed its model incorporated the stiffness and smoothness that competitive cyclists sought. Graphite has a tensile strength four times that of steel,

so a rider was unlikely to flex the frame, though it weighed (minus the front fork) a mere 3.1 pounds. Fully equipped, the X-1000 weighed just 18.85 pounds. Quality steel touring bikes weigh from 20 to 28 pounds.

But the Mossberg super bike came very near to being stillborn. The company found that a graphite bicycle requires far more hand labor to produce than even custom steel frames. It was a slow, tedious process, and minor errors could lead to major faults in tube strength. Delivery delays set in. Orders for the X-1000 went unfilled. Bikes that were promised for summer arrived in midwinter. There are rumors that some of these have frames that are too soft. Mossberg denies that, saying X-1000s have been returned. Still, the graphite bike's performance has been disappointing—understandably so, because the frame alone costs more than \$600, and fully equipped, the X-1000 can run to \$1,500.

Mossberg has stopped making the X-1000 while it shifts its plant from North Haven, Conn. to Little Falls, N.Y. At the 17th International Cycle Show held in the New York Coliseum in February the X-1000 was not even on display. Mossberg's more promising steel bikes were featured instead.

Another manufacturer, Graftek (a divi-

sion of Exxon) showed graphite frames in the Coliseum. The Graftek method of construction uses thin aluminum tubing wrapped with graphite fiber. The tubes are then bonded to investment cast stainless-steel lugs. This seems a less trouble-prone technique than that employed by Mossberg.

Graftek offers only a frame set and the seat post (no wheels, gearshift, handlebars, etc.). Because the frame itself costs \$675 and the gear required to get it rolling another \$400 to \$500, the complete machine will cost close to \$1,200. A purchaser may take some consolation from the fact that the frame can be ordered in special sizes to suit the rider. Once assembled, the Graftek is quick, sure and responsive. The ride, even over washboard surfaces, is excellent.

But Exxon hasn't cornered the market in graphite bikes. A Japanese firm, Ishiwata Seisakusho Co., is testing five prototypes and will export the graphite frame to the U.S. later this year. And Weyless Industries is also entering the competition. Its graphite model is currently undergoing tests.

Without question there is a demand for lighter, stronger bikes. This summer should settle the question as to whether graphite will fill it. **END**

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Chevrolet



SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BLUE LAWS & RED TAPE

You don't often hear of a world championship fight being held in Erie, Pa., but that's where Roberto Duran of Panama defended his lightweight title a couple of weeks ago against a local boy named Lou Bizzarro. The reason the fight was held in Erie—the reason it was held at all, since the courageous Bizzarro is really not in Duran's class—was because Bizzarro's manager, a local Datsun dealer named Lou Porreco, had a hunch his fighter could upset Duran. Porreco worked out an arrangement with big-time promoter Don King (King made some money on the fight, Porreco lost a bundle), got Duran and scheduled the bout for Sunday, May 23.

Then a complication developed. Two days before the bout a state athletic commissioner, Joseph L. Cimino, wired Erie that he had been advised that the state athletic code (part of Pennsylvania's antiquated blue laws) prohibited boxing matches on Sunday. Therefore, Cimino said, "I have no recourse but to stop the world championship fight scheduled on Sunday, May 23."

But no one in Erie wanted the fight stopped, especially Porreco, who felt it would be unfair to Bizzarro, and preparations for the bout continued. However, Duran and his retinue were waiting for a state commissioner to appear in order to sanction the fight and settle attendant details—the referee, the rules governing knockdowns and so on. Porreco stalled as long as he could. Finally an invented commissioner appeared on the scene. He was Porreco's ace salesman, Bill Stafford. "I figured it was a role that a used-car salesman could play," he explained.

Last people in the Duran camp recognize him, Stafford doffed the toupee he usually wears and, using his outgoing personality and a smattering of double-talk, carried things off perfectly. The Duran side was happy—Luis Henriquez, Duran's U.S. representative, intimated

later that he knew all along who Stafford was, saying, "It was unnecessary intrigue." Porreco was happy. And Bizzarro was happy—until the 14th round, when Duran knocked him out.

TRADITION

Basketball fans have been fuming, kind of, because of the way CBS-TV set the time of games in the Boston-Phoenix NBA finals to suit its broadcast schedules. Relax, friends, you can't fight city hall or the networks. Give in, as Lola suggests in *Dawn Yawker*. TV can do anything. Franklin D. Roosevelt brought the wrath of the nation on his head back in 1939, when he switched Thanksgiving away from the last Thursday in November. TV could have done it and not lost a vote. You don't think so? Well, do you know that TV has switched Thanksgiving to Friday this year? In a press release announcing next autumn's college football schedule, ABC-TV says clearly that the Oklahoma-Nebraska and Penn State-Pittsburgh games will both be telecast on "Thanksgiving, Friday, Nov. 26." Hold the turkey, Ma.

DROPPING LIKE FLIES

Have you noticed what a difficult year this has been for defending champions? Jack Nicklaus never really had a shot at retaining his Masters title at Augusta during Ray Floyd's runaway victory. In college and pro basketball the 1975 winners—UCLA, Golden State and Kentucky—didn't even make it to the finals this year. In hockey the 1974-75 titleholders in the NHL and WHA, Philadelphia and Houston, were both routed in four straight. In baseball none of last year's divisional champions except Cincinnati, which was expected to run away with the pennant, is close to first place; Boston, Pittsburgh and Oakland are all well behind and look now as though they'll be watching on TV come October.

One exception to this trend was the Pittsburgh Steeler victory in the Super

Bowl. But that was last January and really was part of the 1975 football season. Better keep an eye on them this fall. Muhammad Ali still has his crown, but it is distinctly tarnished. And he has that Japanese wrestler ahead of him.

ALL STARS

Maybe it's better not to be a champion. In 14 seasons the Houston Astros have never come close to a World Series, yet this fall they will play in one. On TV.

During a couple of off-days late in July, the Astros will take part in the filming of a baseball movie, tentatively entitled *The Best Four of Seven*. The Astrodome will be decorated with bunting to create a World Series atmosphere, and about half a dozen players will have speaking parts. The finished film is supposed to go on the air on a Sunday night in October as the middle of the real World Series.

You may ask why Houston was cast



in the obviously demanding role of pennant winner. Is it that the Astros have the look of champions, if not the experience? No, nothing like that. It's simply that for moviemakers, the Astrodome is an ideal studio. Plenty of lighting, for one thing, and no worry about delays because of bad weather. Some Houston fans, remembering the Astros' history of failure, have wondered what kind of a movie it will be. The producers reassured them. It's not going to be a comedy.

POLITICAL BASEBALL

Bobby Richardson, the old New York Yankee second baseman who has been baseball coach at the University of South Carolina for the last six years, announced at the close of the regular season that he

continued

How the ball that helps the pros helps you.

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Employers of Wausau serves Holloway with worker's compensation, liability and fleet vehicle insurance.

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Come to the source



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Wausau, Wisconsin

was going to run for Congress on the Republican ticket. Richardson was given a six-month leave of absence from the university but said he would stay with his team through the post-season NCAA championships. The Gamecocks, a national power in college baseball, were runners-up in the tournament last year.

But the NCAA playoffs were to be televised, and so politics reared its irritated head. Dan I. Fowler, chairman of the Democratic Party in South Carolina, declared, "Richardson is a political candidate. That puts him in an entirely different category from being a baseball coach." Fowler wrote to Carolina TV stations to point out that Congressman Ken Holland, the incumbent Democrat whose job Richardson is after, should be given equal time on TV to match what Richardson got during his team's games. "The exposure on the electronic media is awfully valuable politically," Fowler said. "It's instrumental as a part of American politics."

That got Republican Party Chairman Dan Ross into the act. "If Fowler wants to keep the South Carolina baseball team from playing on television," he said scornfully, "that's all right with me." One station announced cautiously that it would go ahead with the telecasts if South Carolina made it through the regional playoffs to the College World Series in Omaha, but would scrap plans to interview Coach Richardson and would "not mention his name except when necessary."

Because the regionals—in Columbia, S.C.—and the finals at Omaha are double-elimination tournaments that last for some time, the problem could have escalated with each South Carolina victory. However, Richardson's Gamecocks took care of the matter. In the regionals, after winning once, they lost 10-4 to Clemson and 12-1 to Furman and went home for the summer. And that's the way it was, 200 years from then.

DOCTORING THE NEWS

In an item that appeared here a few weeks ago Dr. Don Lannin, who watches over the Minnesota Vikings, came out against jogging. He said the "bang bang" of jogging was damaging to the hips.

Now another physician from Minnesota, Dr. Lowell Lutter, flatly rejects Dr. Lannin's theory. Lutter, an orthopedic surgeon and a marathon runner, did

some research into jogging and hip deterioration. He found that the only report in medical literature covering the effect of running on the hip joint came from Finland, where X rays were taken of 74 distance runners who had been picking them up and laying them down for an average of 20 years each. The X rays showed evidence of osteoarthritis of the hip in 4% of the runners. X rays of 106 other men, who did not run but who were otherwise similar to the runners, showed hip deterioration in 8.7%. Dr. Lutter also consulted the American Medical Joggers Association, which supported the Finnish findings, declaring that there is no evidence that jogging causes hip deterioration.

WHAT'S HE GO'G?

College athletic directors taken with their own importance might ponder the following. Earlier this spring the University of Utah gave Athletic Director James R. (Bud) Jack a new assignment as assistant vice-president for athletic development. It asked Arnie Ferrin, former All-America basketball player at Utah, former general manager of the now-defunct Utah Stars of the ABA and present assistant vice-president for public service at the university, to fill in as acting athletic director. It promised that a nationwide search for a new athletic director would soon be undertaken.

Six weeks later the university announced the formation of a 10-member search committee. According to Dr. R. J. Snow, vice-president for university relations, the committee's first objective would be "to develop a job description."

QUITE CONTRARY

Even though Muhammad Ali is the world's greatest publicist he has not been too successful thus far in drumming up interest in that match with the wrestler ("Come on, you guys, take this thing seriously"). But he could pick up a flood of ink if he suddenly insisted on a woman as referee for the match. A woman? Isn't that a bit far-fetched, even for Ali? Not at all. There are several women referees in the U.S. The one we are particularly taken with is Mary Weimer, an 18-year-old freshman at East Stroudsburg State College in Pennsylvania. Mary became hooked on wrestling when her older brothers were competing for Wilson High in Easton, Pa., and she was help-

ing out by washing the mats, keeping score and laundering uniforms. She was soon an expert observer and one day asked a coach, Ray Walters, about the possibility of becoming an official. "Mr. Walters thought it was a great idea," she says, "but I wasn't old enough then. You have to be 18."

But after she turned 18 in January she filled out an application from the Pennsylvania Interscholastic Athletic Association, took a three-week course in wrestling officiating at East Stroudsburg given by wrestling coach Clyde Witman, passed a written test with flying colors and received her card from the PIAA. A few things remain to be done before she is recognized as a full-fledged official—interviews, evaluation of her skills in actual matches—but she seems certain to be the youngest and maybe the prettiest referee in the sport.

Only 5'2" and 105 pounds, Mary was obliged to get on the mat and wrestle an opponent during the officiating course, even though she was the only woman among a dozen or so men. "Mr. Witman was worried when I had to wrestle," she says. "There was nobody there my weight. So I wrestled Robert Dalling, the assistant coach. He's skinny. I won, because of riding time [technical control of your opponent], but Mr. Dalling took it a mile easy on me."

THEY SAID IT

- Jerome Whitehead, Marquette basketball player, after a tour to Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo "It's an unbelievable situation when 25,000 people are booing you and throwing cups and garbage at you. It's like the whole country was Notre Dame."
- Lou Holtz, recently hired New York Jets coach "We're building a house on Long Island. Yeah, that's pretty optimistic. It's a little like doing a crossword puzzle with a pen."
- Larry Hale, Houston defenseman, after the Aeros were routed in the WHA finals by Winnipeg, whose roster includes eight Swedes. "The first thing I'm going to do is burn my Volvo."
- J. C. Sneed, pro golfer, on the gallery annoyance that bothers him the most: "Someone who jingles coins in his pocket. On a cold day especially. It's worse then because they all have their hands in their pockets. It sounds like the check-out counter at the Piggly Wiggly." **END**

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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 7, 1976



Rutherford

A SLICK WAY

by SAM MOSES



TO WIN THE 500

Make that the 255. Cooling it under cover in the pits after rain cut short his spirited duel with A. J. Foyt, Gentleman Johnny Rutherford learned he had won the day

CONTINUED



Foyt

Among the myriad variables affecting the outcome of the Indianapolis 500, the hugest, and least controllable, is the weather. Local forecasters have learned from experience not to commit themselves on race day until umbrellas are wet or noses sunburned. This year the earliest Memorial Day weekend forecasts called for showers on Saturday and Monday, but conspicuously did not mention Sunday, race day. It's that old Indy aphorism at work: if you can't say anything nice about the weather on race day, don't say anything at all.

Well, this week Johnny Rutherford is saying a lot of nice things about the weather, because he made it work for him—to the tune of more than \$200,000 in prize money for his second Indy victory. He may be the only person saying kind things about the rain that finished the race just one lap past the point—252.5 miles—where it became official. It was the shortest Indy ever, and Gentleman Johnny learned in the sodden pits, not on the track, that he had won by 13 seconds over A. J. Foyt, his famous fellow Texan, who has been burning to become the first four-time winner of the 500 since his last victory in 1967. Between them, they led 77 of the race's 102 laps, and until Foyt's sway bar and the clouds cracked, in that order, the duel looked as if it might last until next Memorial weekend. This possibility was revived 2½ hours later, when it seemed the race would resume with Foyt's Coyote bearing a fresh sway bar. However, the sky darkened again and Chief Steward Tom Binford called it a day. But not before Foyt, whom some people around Indy consider as controllable as the weather, raised a storm of his own, claiming that Rutherford had illegally improved his lead while the field was running under a caution flag. The initial complaint was discounted after a review of the timing sheets, but there was a possibility that A. J. would file a formal protest the following morning, when the official results were to be posted.

Even if this year's 500 was compact-size, it certainly was not lacking in excitement. From his pole position Rutherford's McLaren led the first three laps with Foyt working his way up close to him from a second-row starting spot, and on Lap Four Foyt made his move.

"I saw A.J.'s Coyote coming, and he passed me down the back straight and led into Turn Three," said Rutherford. "All of a sudden I had to back off because A.J. started sliding, and I thought he was going up the wall. I passed him, but he passed me back again in Turn One."

On the ninth lap Roger McCluskey spun into the infield and the yellow caution flag came out. Foyt waited one lap too many to pit and top up his fuel tank and found himself sitting on pit row as the green flag was dropped. Meanwhile Rutherford had completed his pit stop and was back on the track with his foot down. Foyt barreled out into a device by which his crew had positioned the car—it was not pulled away in time—and no sooner did he get back on the track than another yellow flag came out.

Next came perhaps the most exciting racing that has been seen in the 500 since the early '70s, when the refinement of car aerodynamics made them so difficult to control in the slipstream created by other cars that the race seemed to become a game of stay-away. At about the 50-mile mark Rutherford and Foyt surged through traffic in a pack that included Gordon Johncock, Wally Dallenbach, Pancho Carter and Tom Sneva along for company (they eventually finished third through sixth, respectively). The six of them threaded through a hke number of slower cars along the front straight before they settled into Turn One without incident.

"I don't know how many cars were in that gaggle, but I'm sure glad no one opened a gate in the wall," said Rutherford. "We would have all ended up out on 16th Street."

There was to be a lot of that kind of driving. A new USAC rule required engines to be fitted with "popoff valves"—devices that work on the same principle as the little thing that whistles on the top of a pressure cooker—which limit the turbocharger boost and in effect limit horsepower. Previously, a driver could raise the boost at will. This year the racing was tighter because the cars were slower and more evenly matched, which in turn led to more passing in the corners.

It could have helped if the crowd had been fitted with popoff valves. The night before the race the city had been re-

less; throngs of boisterous visitors roamed the streets near the Speedway. Result: more than 100 arrests, one overturned and burned automobile, dozens of drag races on the streets and more Code One (emergency) calls than the police could handle. Those who made it to the 500 as spectators were a little fragile.

Last year when Rutherford had finished second to Bobby Unser in another rain-shortened 500, his sponsor was Gatorade, and he had to endure endless alligator jokes; now it is Hy-Gain CB rad-dos, and Rutherford found himself dodging elbows aimed at his ribs by people calling, "Breaker! Breaker! Put the pedal to the metal, good buddy, ten-four."

Rutherford's victory from the pole was the ninth time that has happened in the 500's 60-year history, but for the first time in 16 years being on the pole was not the same as having the fastest qualifying time. Mario Andretti held that honor with his Penske Cam2 McLaren-Offy, but because he had missed the first weekend of qualifying (he was racing a Lotus in the Belgian Grand Prix) he started in 19th position. Andretti charged as far up as fourth, then he had to pit to replace a punctured tire and lost a lap, a lap he could never make up because his engine had gone "soft" under acceleration, he said. He eventually finished eighth.

Four rookies qualified. The most conspicuous, if not surprising, absence was that of Janet Guthrie, who had scored a moral victory with a little help from Foyt. Guthrie passed her rookie test all right, but when it became obvious that her Volstead-Offy would not be fast enough to qualify, she accepted Foyt's invitation to try out his spare Coyote-Foyt. She turned practice speeds that would have been fast enough to make the field, which prompted runaway speculation that she would make an official qualifying attempt in the car. But no such deal had been set. Foyt's giving Guthrie the opportunity to prove herself was an act of sportsmanship in itself.

"All I intended to do was to see, in my own mind, what she can do," said Foyt. "And she did prove that ladies can drive race cars." Which she proved again Sunday by wrestling a 3,700-pound stock car for 4½ hours, eventually to finish 15th.

in the 40-car World 600 at Charlotte.

Among the rookies who did qualify for the 500 was Billy Scott of San Bernardino, Calif. Scott's nickname is Billy the Kid, and there was a time when that sobriquet meant something. Scott raced quarter-midgets when he was five—that's five—years old. When he was 16 he was racing slingshot dragsters at 200 mph; at 19 he made a drag racing hall of fame. Scott had passed his rookie test last year, but crashed in his qualifying attempt. This year he had shown his cool head in practice when the youngest man in the race, another rookie—21-year-old Spike Gehlhausen—hit the wall in front of him and a wheel from Gehlhausen's car rolled across Scott's path. Scott expertly spun his car in a tidy, controlled donut toward the infield. On Sunday he had mechanical problems and came in 23rd, but Indy hasn't seen the last of him.

Another rookie challenger—in this case the car not the driver—was the Vel's Parnelli-Cosworth driven by Al Unser. Al, like his brother Bobby a two-time 500 winner, had planned to conserve fuel by taking it easy for half the race, then go flat-out in the second half. When the second half never came, Unser found he had stroked himself into seventh place. Ironically, his crew had considered a 180° turnabout, going for broke and praying for rain.

Still, the car was a beaut. It looked different, it sounded different: smaller, quieter. When the Cosworth was warming up it hummed like an MGB at the starting line of a parking-lot gymkhana, or maybe like a 750 Honda at a traffic light. But when it sliced along the front straight at over 200 mph, it sounded chilling.

Vel's isn't the only team with a Cosworth. Rutherford's team has two of them, in new chassis that are tiny, like the Parnelli. Rutherford plans to try one this year, although, as he said after Indy with a wry smile, "I reckon we don't need it just yet, now do we?"

Nope. But as he also said, "A.J. had a chance to fix his car, and he would have come out loaded for bear [if the race had resumed]. We would have had one heck of a race." Ah, well, they had a heck of a 255 miles anyway.

END

Foyt (No. 14) and his fellow Texan Rutherford kept tight together as long as the race lasted.



SUNS WORSHIP BACK IN FASHION

After two lackluster losses to the Celtics, Phoenix came home and put life in the NBA finals. The victory showed that rookie Alvan Adams could hang in there with the old folks when the pressure was on **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

The Phoenix Suns, those proponents of swimming pool living, the child center and the heartwarming comeback, began last week rooming with the Salvation Army in a Boston hotel and finished it with sunrise services in the desert. Along the way, they stopped playing a bad second fiddle and taught the Boston Celtics a bruising lesson. Where there is even a glimmer of Suns, it seems, there is hope.

Just when it appeared Phoenix was ready to concede the National Basketball Association championship to the Celtics, the Suns tagged Boston with a 105-98 Sunday morning defeat in the Veterans Memorial Coliseum that left Boston suddenly looking less than overwhelming.

Up until then, the Sunians had been playing as if they were afraid of the dark. Boston throttled Phoenix in the first two games in Beantown and threatened to become the second straight club to sweep the NBA finals. When Phoenix returned home for the third game, the welcoming rally staged for them had all the enthusiasm of a wake.

Ah, but these are the Suns, the stuff of which Hans Christian Andersen and Hollywood scripts are made. Phoenix was flat on the floor of the Pacific Division only a few months ago, then rose triumphantly. Compared to what the club had already been through, being down 2-0 to the Celtics was not all that bad. Phoenix newspapers spewed out reams of copy about the machinations and alleged illegal tactics of the Celtics, and the Suns vowed retribution.

What happened was that Phoenix reduced Boston's offense to the rushed 20-footer and a quick retreat back on defense. Boston went scoreless for almost the first five minutes of the second quarter and by then had only 17 points and trailed by 16.

A short time later the Suns' Ricky Sobers and the Celtics' Kevin Stacom put some punch into the game. The rival guards exchanged a flurry of blows that ended with both being ejected. The flare-up also indicated that the Suns believed

they had taken enough from the Celtics. "We can't let them bully us," Sobers said later. "It was rough," added Dick Van Arsdale, "but that's how Boston likes to play. I almost got my head taken off one time."

But Boston is still Boston, a team going for its 13th NBA championship. Despite having everyone but the bus driver in foul trouble, plus an unseemly number of careless turnovers and some miserable shooting, the Celtics struggled up from 23 points down in the third quarter and found themselves back in the game but good, trailing by just two with three minutes to go.

Then Alvan Adams went to work. Adams is the Suns' 21-year-old hardship rookie who skipped his senior year at Oklahoma to torment rival centers with the smoothest style of pivot play since Johnny Kerr. He finished the day with a game-high 33 points, plus 14 rebounds and two assists. But what really drove the Phoenix folks wild was his heroics in the fourth quarter. In a space of 100 seconds Adams did things like score two baskets over two different Celtics, pass through them to give Paul Westphal an easy layin, tip in another Westphal miss and dribble the ball the length of the floor against the Boston press, which on this day was not nearly as effective as local print media. "The newspapers beat us," moaned Boston Coach Tom Heinsohn later. "I didn't know the power of the press was that big. We were lucky to run up and down the floor. That was home-town cooking. That's what that was."

All told, Charlie Scott and Dave Cowens fouled out of the game, Stacom was thrown out for fighting, and Boston incurred two technicals.

Throughout the week the Celtics had assumed the posture that the Suns' dream was about to come to its inevitable end. After the defeat, they still felt the same way. "We're still 2-1," said Cowens with a smirk. "I ain't worried. We'll get 'er. If we don't get 'er today, we'll get 'er tomorrow. That's what my old friend T. E. Doyle used to say back home."

Going into Game 3, the Celtics might have been excused for wondering if their opponents had been left on the doorstep with a note attached. For forwards the Suns had a pair of journeymen in Garfield Heard and Curtis Perry; the backcourt consisted of Sobers, a rookie, and Westphal, a substitute with Boston for three years. And their center was a rookie. Although Adams was the league's Rookie of the Year, he didn't impress Cowens too much in the first two games. When asked what it was like facing Adams instead of Cleveland's Nate Thurmond, a Boston semifinal victim, Cowens said, "It was like having a wall removed."

Rookies in the playoff finals are as rare as clean forks in a cheap diner, and here Phoenix was with two of them as starters. The blithe Adams, however, commented that he could see only one difference about the playoffs. "They make the season longer," he said cheerfully.

That they do. "These games are like a bad joke," said Heinsohn. "You keep waiting for the punch line."

Waiting, in fact, has become a major aggravation in the playoffs, so strung out is the schedule because of the demands of television. But for Boston, at least, the gaps apparently had some therapeutic value. Two weeks ago John Havlicek could hardly walk on his sore left foot, but the lengthy intervals between games helped, and he played 40 minutes in the championship opener. He did not have to press. Phoenix shot only 38% from the floor in a game that Boston won 98-87 and was interesting mainly for its lack of passion. Said Boston's Paul Silas, "It felt more like January than May. It didn't seem like a playoff game."

The waiting around hadn't helped Phoenix at all. Left uncorked for a week, all the bubble had gone from the Suns' champagne. They were flat, emotionally spent after magically beating Golden State in the Western Conference finals and then having to wait for seven days until it was Sunday again—like little boys anticipating Christmas.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB ECKHART

The Celtics' strategy was apparent: attack the inexperience. Scott was all over Sobers, and even if he kept fouling out of games—seemingly by halftime in the first two—his defense had the rookie thinking more about survival than what play to run. And Boston kept pressuring Adams. If it wasn't Cowens, then it was his backup, Jim Ard, who came into Game 2 and immediately began covering more ground than Chicken Little. "Sometimes he thinks he's Julius Erving," said teammate Jo Jo White.

For weeks, Heinsohn had been pounding on the pipes for more offense, but in Game 2—when they got around to playing it on Thursday night—the Celtics outscored Phoenix 20-2 during one stretch in the third quarter on the way to a 105-90 victory. After that the delicate started talking "sweep."

Spiritually, the Celtics were in concert again. "This team is like a Swiss watch,

a bunch of different parts working together," said White. "When one of our parts, like Havlicek, is out, we can't work." And the Suns were being worn down mentally. Their last win over Boston occurred on Christmas 1974, and they claimed Boston's block-and-tackle defense was one reason for the drought. "Every team cries about the same thing," sniffed White. "Look, if you let a team do all they want to do, they're going to crush you. But stop them, and they get mad."

White was guarding Westphal, his former teammate and a man who came into the series shooting 54% for the playoffs. Their rivalry goes back to the day when White first visited the Celtics' rookie camp to take a look at Westphal, who he figured was after his job. "I know his moves from the knock-down, drag-out practices we had," said White. "I know what bothers him and gets to him. When

he gets mad, he wants to take you one-on-one, and that's what I want to get him into, to take them away from their team concept."

Westphal had a tepid opener and came out at the start of Game 2 determined to establish himself. He scored 17 points in the first half, but Phoenix still trailed, and during the third-quarter Boston blitz White stripped him of the ball and was on his way to an easy layup. Frustrated, Westphal tripped him. "He didn't apologize," White said later.

As it developed, one apology was issued. Suns' General Manager Jerry Colangelo gave it to the Phoenix area clergy for any inconvenience, and perhaps diminished collection, caused by the 10:30 a.m. tipoff on Sunday morning.

The apology was accepted. Even the ministers could see that the Suns were in need of redemption. And from somewhere they got it.

END

Dave Cowens does his thing, setting a massive pick on Paul Westphal, who until then had been happily chugging along in pursuit of Jo Jo White.





Between rounds the host/analyst, greeted, explained, ordered, lectured and, above all, worried.

A BEAUTIFUL BEAST, MR. NICKLAUS

The course you built, Jack, is pleasing to the eye, but the guys who had to go out and play it were lucky to escape alive **by DAN JENKINS**

The betting was that Barbara Nicklaus wouldn't get the last plaque hung in the Muirfield Village clubhouse until Sunday evening, shortly after the presentation ceremonies concluding her husband's personal golf tournament. That the hammer and picture hooks wouldn't go back in her purse until after the sole survivor of the punishing golf course had accepted the \$40,000 winner's check. That in the midst of his final back-swing Jack Nicklaus himself would stop

and tell one last worker to do one last chore—paint this, move that, trim something else—to help glamorize an event called the Memorial Tournament, which last week borrowed just about everything from Augusta, Ga. except peach pie and magnolia blossoms.

If it was the Nicklaus Masters, so to speak, the Master did not play like one on his own turf, but that was understandable. He had so much on his mind, worrying about every conceivable detail, you

could almost see him scribbling a note to Barbara between putts: "Build a handrail on the cart path at the baked Alaska for the dinner on the TV tower. Replace spectator steps at 12th with better sand and turn sprinklers on Bobby Jones' portrait."

The tournament had been talked about for a year in terms of where was it, why was it and what was it. So the fact that the course Jack built was finally unveiled to the world with a classy new tournament on it became, overall, more important than Roger Maltbie's victory over Hale Irwin in a four-hole playoff, both men having struggled in at even par 288, highest first-place score of the year. Somebody had to win it, of course, if he did not drop out of sight into one of the creeks or get lost in the trees or choke to death from the sand he would dig up in the bunkers nobody could get out of. Or slip down and suffer permanent injury on the Formica-slick greens.

A new event on the PGA tour with Nicklaus' name attached to it would naturally be a special happening, and this one surely was. Nicklaus had designed and built the course in Dublin, Ohio, a suburb of Columbus, his hometown, with a slightly gigantic idea in mind—a tournament that might perhaps in time take its place alongside the other major championships. With all of the other good names taken, such as the Masters and the British Open, Jack had to settle for Memorial, the gimmick being that each year the tournament would be dedicated to a golfing immortal who had passed into history. Last week it was Bobby Jones.

To properly christen the affair, the following showed up: Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Clifford Roberts, Joe Dey, Deane Beman, Bobby Jones' daughter-in-law and grandson, a cluster of USGA tycoons and more CBS cameramen and announcers than the network normally has at Augusta. Strangely enough, the only people missing were some of the game's better players. Arnold Palmer and Gary Player had been excused by the sponsor—Nicklaus—to go to Britain. Other absentees were Ray Floyd, the Masters champion, Tom Watson, the British Open champion, Gene Littler, Billy Casper, Dave Hill, John Mahaffey, Don January—in all, 10 of the current top 30 players. They were absent for a variety of reasons ranging from sore hands to matters of principle—"If Jack can pass up

the Tournament of Champions, we can pass up Jack"—and maybe some of them had already heard that the Muirfield Village course was so tough that it would be more fun to have lunch with Dracula.

There are no statistics on such things, but the Memorial surely must have set a record for double, triple and quadruple bogeys. It produced 40 rounds in the 80s but only seven in the 60s, and the highest 36-hole cut within anyone's memory. Shoot 78-79-157 and you still made it. The scores that didn't make it looked as if they came out of Prestwick in 1894. The reason was that Nicklaus has created a layout with extreme penalties for indifferent shotmaking. Jerry McGee said it best: "There are no windows and doors here." Good shots would get you a spree of birdies, but then one bad one would get you a 6, a 7, even an 8. Trees, water and sand were everywhere. And then came the sloping and relentlessly slick greens. Typical of how Muirfield could jump up and grab you by the throat was what happened to Hubert Green. After rounds of 69 and 72, he was the 36-hole leader, and the Memorial had a normal look, for Green has been the winner of three tournaments this year. Then came Saturday. Hubie quickly took a double bogey, followed by a triple bogey, and before the afternoon was over he had shot an atrocious 79 and disappeared.

Nicklaus himself was a good enough example. In Thursday's opening round, while preoccupied with all he had to do socially, Jack made six birdies and one eagle in 18 holes but reported a modest one-under 71 when it was all over. Despite his second-round 75, Jack was still a contender, and when he got to three under par through 11 holes on Saturday, everybody was about ready to decide that only the architect could play his own course over a four-day period. Suddenly, Muirfield struck again, this time at the mad scientist who created it. The scenic par-3 12th wrenched a quadruple bogey 7 out of Jack.

The 12th is Nicklaus' postcard hole, with water and beauty and so forth, and now it has two of Jack's golf balls. How do you make a 7? Well, first you hit two in the water so that, still on the tee, you are playing five. Then you knock one to the left of the green, make an indifferent chip, and finally hole a 10-foot putt. Routine. In any case, the hole sent Nicklaus reeling to a 73 instead of the 69 or 68 he might easily have shot and it sent

him securely into the role of host, sponsor, greeter, critic, worrier. Which was where he had been all week long anyhow.

This being golf's equivalent of a Broadway opening, Nicklaus devoted his week to these varying pursuits:

- Touring the course with a tree surgeon to cut down limbs that obstructed views.
- Signing an incorrect pro-am card so that his team of Jack Curran, Flip Wilson, Gov. James Rhodes and co-chairman Pindel Savic finished with a best ball of 97.
- Weeping at the ceremony while thinking about Bobby Jones.
- Sending Barbara in a police car to the State House to give President Ford a replica of Jones' Calamity Jane putter.
- Sending somebody to the clubhouse to pick up some ice-cream pies for dessert after the catering truck for his Captains Club dinner dropped the baked Alaska.
- Estimating that new bunker sand will cost him \$100,000 before next year's tournament.
- Getting Barbara to hang pictures and plaques and rehang others in the clubhouse.
- Lecturing marshals on how to marshal.
- Saying hello to everybody.
- Checking statistics of three-putt greens.
- Going to three dinner parties at once.
- Going to six cocktail parties at once.
- Wondering where Barbara's hammer and picture hooks were.
- Finishing quickly enough to be on television.
- Being concerned about high scores.
- Hearing criticism of the course.
- Hearing praise for the course.
- Being concerned because so many good players failed to show up.
- And, ultimately, wondering how in the world Roger Maltbie beat him. **END**

The 11th is representative of the whole course; behind the ceremony lurks a double bogey



O.K., WE'VE GOT NO KICK COMING

England, Italy and Brazil—superb soccer teams all—breezed in for a Bicentennial party and even Team America had fun **by CLIVE GAMMON**

The shots came screaming in, eight of them in the first 10 minutes alone, from Marinho, Zico, Roberto, Gil, Rivelino—from half of the canary-shirted heroes of Brazil's national soccer team, it seemed. They were fired with spectacular power and with all the accuracy you might expect from artillerymen pressed into service after two weeks' training. The booming shots put into severe hazard photographers squatting on the end-lines and spectators at Seattle's Kingdome unlucky enough to be seated above and behind the goal defended by



U.S. goalie Rigby let in four Italian scores

Team America. Indeed, the only person not in danger of sudden decapitation was Eric Martin, who was keeping goal for the U.S.

Hardly elegant soccer, but the very futurity of the barrage was lending some encouragement to the American side, which, for the second time in six days, had the formidable task of facing an authentic contender for soccer's World Cup. World Cup soccer has not historically been an American strong point, but in the name of the country's 200th birthday—and with a shrewd eye at further boosting soccer's appeal—the U.S. Soccer Federation had conceived the American Bicentennial Soccer Cup. Italy, England and Brazil were invited to send their powerful national teams to compete for the trophy in a round-robin six-city coast-to-coast tournament. The U.S. entry—Team America—was an amalgam of the best professionals from the North American Soccer League, most of them imported Europeans or Latin Americans, with a light seasoning of native U.S. players. And here Team America was, holding its own.

Brazil's shooting continued to be wildly inaccurate for much of this, its second game in the tour. But men like Rivelino and Marinho did not earn their towering status in the sport by putting balls 50 feet wide of the goal through their own inefficiency. What was happening on Friday night at the Kingdome was that they were being so harried by an entirely committed American defense that they were reduced to making wildly speculative shots from so far out that accuracy was impossible.

Team America Coach Ken Furphy



had studied the video tape of Brazil's first game, against England at Los Angeles the previous weekend, with some care. Brazil had scored the game's single goal with only seconds of play left, but Furphy had spotted a weakness. "They play their two attacking wing forwards very wide," he said. "I'm going to put close man-to-man coverage on those wingers. My boys are very determined." The boys he meant were Bobby Smith, a New Jersey-born defenseman for the New York Cosmos, and Stewart Jump, a Tampa Bay Rowdies import from England. Between them, as center-backs, would be Bobby Moore, the ex-England World Cup captain now also with the Cosmos, and Mike England, a Welsh international player with the Seattle Sounders. Furphy was



White-shirted England scrambles for the ball against Brazil in a match it lost 1-0 at Los Angeles. England later defeated World Cup rival Italy 3-2.

worried about this second pairing. The two had never played together before.

The same objection, however, applied on the grand scale to all of Team America. Furphy had had just three weeks in which to set up the side. NASL coaches had sent him recommendations and he had picked a squad of 20, but they had had only eight practices together before their first game with Italy at RFK Stadium in Washington, D.C., and it showed. Drastically. Before that first match Furphy learned that he would have to do without two former English stars; both George Best of the Los Angeles Aztecs and Rodney Marsh of the Rowdies had withdrawn for "personal reasons." This meant that though he had the Cosmos' Giorgio Chinaglia and Pelé up front, he was still short of strikers.

John Kowalik, the Polish player from the Chicago Sting, was first and courageous but small. Stewart Scullion, a Scot with Tampa, was a good dribbler who would take a defenseman on, but not a real penetrator. In midfield the situation was even more tricky: only Dave Clements, an ex-Irish international with the Cosmos, was a recognized player in the position; English-born Keith Eddy of the Cosmos, playing alongside him, was strictly a sweeper, a utility defenseman.

Team America had a long afternoon against Italy. In the first half Pelé was ineffective, having the ball taken off his toes by Midfielder Romeo Benetti, misplacing passes, failing to link with Chinaglia, hitting a free kick casually right into the Italian defensive wall. Constructive U.S. midfield play was nonexistent,

the defense confused. Inevitably the Italian goals came. Four of them.

Four goals are hard to slib, but Ken Furphy tried his best. "They were two poor goals in the first half," he said afterward, referring to a pair of bad lapses by Bobby Rigby, the U.S.-born goalie for the Cosmos. The first came when Rigby failed to gather a Fabio Capello shot cleanly and let in the rebound, the other when he seemed to rugby-tackle Paolino Pulici, who had no problem scoring on the subsequent penalty shot.

Rigby's game had been a nightmare. Six days later, pent up in a Seattle hotel room after learning that he would not be in goal against Brazil, he unburdened himself of some of his feelings about soccer in the U.S. "We never have any time together," he said. "They never give us

continued

any preparation. And we've had less background than anybody. I've played five months a year for the last three years. Didn't even play professional ball until I came out of college. What we need is as much exposure to good players and coaching as we can get. Our game really needs it." He was talking not only about himself but Bobby Smith, his teammate on the Cosmos. Smith was with him in his 11th-floor hotel room—or at least halfway in. Smith was perched in the open window, gazing down at the people below. "Hey, idiot," shouted Rigby, "come away from there."

Rigby was bitter, too, about the number of foreign importations into American clubs. "As long as people come over here they're going to be dictating to us," he said. "We have this rule that there's six American citizens on a side and that's the only protection we have. Push the number up? They say so, they say so. Every team has six American players—on the bench."

And indeed it was a foreign player, a Scot, Eric Martin, who took Rigby's place at the Kingdome against the Brazilians. Not many goalkeepers would have envied him the honor. The Brazil team is not quite the international force that it once was, and it would not be likely to score many victories on a European tour against the likes of West Germany. Nevertheless, against Furphy's foreign legion it had more than enough power in reserve to make a goalie miserable.

Eventually, Brazil's opening cannonade spent itself, and suddenly it was apparent that the Team America no-hopers, players shipped over close to the end of their careers from stadiums like Watford and Southampton, were scuffling for midfield balls like terriers, their defense blotting out the Brazilian wings and forcing Brazil into an uncharacteristic square passing game in which the ball was moved across the field instead of forward toward the goal. Forward as "o solo," into the valley, the path straight down the center of the field that leads to the goal mouth. Later, Pelé, who had refused to play against his native country, commented on this, and on the unnaturally slow tempo at which Brazil played. "They were too deliberate," he said, though refusing to admit that this was imposed upon them. Only Marinho, it seemed at this stage of the game, had the

thrust and penetration expected so confidently of his side.

Meantime, Chinaglia was set up for raids by Kowalik and Scullion but too often the ball was sent over to him high, in the faith that his heading ability and his height would get him past the Brazilian defense. But Chinaglia, it appears, now lacks the most vital asset of a striking center-forward. While contributing little to building up attacks, he should be poised to pick up a pass in a scoring position, then turn fast toward the op-



A merrie old at England-Italy in New York.

posing goal for a shot before the defense can group around him. Right through the game, balls won painfully by players like Keith Eddy were lost as Chinaglia moved ponderously around with the final pass. And after only 15 minutes' play, eluding the defense for once and with the goal gaping before him with just the goalie to beat from close range, he shot wide.

That was the game's first turning point. Within minutes, the Brazilian Gil cut through into the valley and beat Martin with a close-range shot—a goal he had no chance to stop. Before and after, Martin played a fine and courageous game, diving at Lula's feet for the ball, making a magnificent one-handed save from Roberto.

With Gil's goal, that should have been that. The triumphal procession should have started. But Team America was playing far above its form against Brazil, and 10 minutes into the second half

Furphy made a substitution that came close to making a historic night of it. A player unfamiliar to most of the crowd, Julie Vee, a naturalized American from Hungary who plays for the San Jose Earthquakes and sports more consecutive identical vowels than any soccer player in the world, came on for Kowalik and instantly transformed the game. Vee was unfamiliar even to Furphy, having been called up for the squad at the last moment, walking into the Kingdome in the midst of the morning's workout. "He's an unknown player," Furphy said. "He didn't appear in the trial, but because of injuries I had to call him up. I didn't know enough about him to commit him for the whole of the match. . . ."

Vee cut through the Brazilian defense again and again and there was a period of 20 minutes when the Brazilians were outclassed and a tie, at least, could have been achieved. "He gave me everything he had," Furphy said after the game. "If only he could have been a little cooler at the death." In a brilliant run in which he beat three Brazilians, Vee had found himself out on the wing with no one in front of him. "If only he'd lifted his head, seen what was waiting for him and chipped in a pass," Furphy mourned. "We had two six-footers, England and Chinaglia, up there waiting for it. But he was carried away, the glory got to him and he tried a glory-goal shot from the by-line."

Mike England had come up from defense in a final all-or-nothing attempt for an equalizing goal, a legitimate gamble on Furphy's part. By then, such was the measure of Team America's pressure, the Brazilians were reduced to time-wasting, cross-passing tactics to hold their minimal lead. But the luck that helped Brazil beat England 1-0 in the closing seconds of the Los Angeles game held now. Through the gap left by Mike England came Gil again and suddenly, almost incredibly, it was 2-0 for Brazil.

Later, in the U.S. dressing room, as Ken Furphy stood silent, somebody bustled up with a statistics sheet enumerating shots, saves, corner kicks and so forth. Furphy waved it away. "The only statistic that counts," he said, "is 2-0."

That may be so. But until statistics can indicate such factors as courage and refusal to surrender, they will be inadequate to convey the truth of such games as this one.

END

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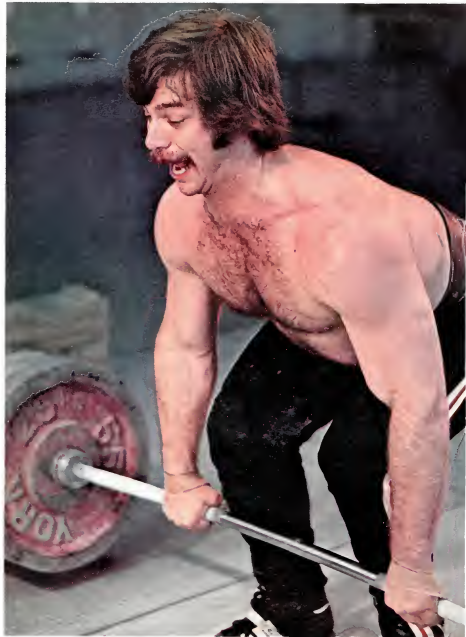
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If I'd been born a hundred years ago I'da been a gunfighter. Not that I want to shoot anybody, you understand. Come to think of it, I don't even like guns. But imagine the excitement—and the competition!" Mark Cameron heaves his 5'10", 237-pound body onto a green vinyl couch and everything in his tiny living room trembles. An Olympic flag hanging on the wall flutters slightly. The TV set goes from color to black and white, and out in the thumb-sized kitchen a three-foot stack of dirty dishes clatters in the sink. Cameron's terry-cloth Pan-American Games bathrobe, bursting at the seams, falls open, revealing a thigh the size of a beer keg—28 inches around, to be exact. And on his hip, in vivid shades of red, blue and green, a tattooed dragon hoists a barbell over its head. "Guy in Newport, Rhode Island did that," he says. "I had to stand perfectly still for over an hour while he put it on. Haven't met a woman yet that didn't go crazy when she saw it. They don't expect it, you see, 'cause the rest of me's so respectable."

Cameron grins, displaying a lot of teeth below a thick mustache, and the corners of his eyes are hidden by deep creases. Like the rest of him, his face is broad and chunky, without sharp angles, and his expression shifts easily from seriousness and unbending determination to self-mocking irony. At 23 he is the best Olympic weight lifter in the U.S., probably the only one with a shot at a medal

in Montreal. Although he lifts in the 242-pound, or heavyweight, class and is a good 100 pounds lighter than some world-class superheavyweights, he has totaled more weight in the snatch and clean-and-jerk (the two lifts in Olympic competition) than any other human being this side of the Iron Curtain.

Below the two meager rooms of his York, Pa. apartment, down in the cellar where Cameron sleeps, a headless mannequin faces his water bed. On the mannequin is a black, long-sleeved jersey given to Cameron by his mother, on which bold white letters proclaim: **STRONGEST MAN IN THE FREE WORLD**. It is a title that he accepts with amusement, because beyond the Iron Curtain Valentin Christov, the phenomenal 20-year-old Bulgarian heavyweight, has totaled 920½ pounds for the world record in the two lifts, more than 60 pounds better than Cameron's best effort of 854.

"My mother has a sense of humor like me," he says. "She's Polish. That's where I got my build, although as a kid I was a skinny runt. Which reminds me, I haven't had my prebreakfast vitamins yet. I'm light for a heavyweight. I eat and eat, and gobble vitamins, but I just can't gain any more weight. Probably should drink more beer."

Cameron bounds with startling agility from the couch to a card table laden with bottles and jars and consumes, with a high-protein energy drink, somewhere near a shovelful of every vitamin known

to man, every mineral on the periodic table, some enzymatic digestives, acidophilous culture, brewer's yeast and assorted oils and potions designed to make his capillaries vibrate. His next breath could blow every fuse in the neighborhood. "Listen," he says between swallows, "if somebody told weight lifters they could lift an extra five pounds by munching Brillo pads, there wouldn't be a clean pot within three miles of any gym in this country."

Cameron slips on the only bell-bottoms he owns that still fit his legs, shrugs into a denim jacket with the Polish falcon embroidered on the back and is ready for an assault on a local restaurant specializing in king-size breakfasts. "You know, weight lifters have a reputation for being dummies or wild beasts," he says on the way to his car. "Really it's a stigma that's totally unjustified. You take the time I wrestled a bear back when I was at the University of Rhode Island. Four or five fellas went before me, and these were big guys, man, bigger than me; but they tried to overpower the bear and they got beat like that . . . boom! I mean he wasn't the biggest bear in the world but he still must have weighed over 450 pounds and he flipped those guys like they were bottle caps. I noticed that the bear responded to whatever maneuver each guy pulled, so when it came my turn I walked up to the bear and started tickling its stomach and talking real soft to him and tickled a little more and just as

continued

RIISING TO A WEIGHTY OCCASION

The Strongest Man in the Free World, 237-pound Mark Cameron has 28-inch thighs, a dragon tattooed on one hip and a good shot at muscling a medal out of Montreal

by PHILIP SINGERMAN

soon as his head began to nod I stepped on his foot and tripped him and—wham!—I had him beat. Everybody thought I outmuscled him, but I didn't; I outsmarted him. Or take the time I bit the head off this duck in a bar. . . ."

Bear wrestling and duck decapitation aside, Cameron is not only the most promising and self-assured lifter this country has produced in years, but also probably the most dedicated student of the sport. He digests translated accounts of the latest Russian, Bulgarian and Polish training techniques with the same gusto he applies to vitamins. He plans to do graduate work in either corrective therapy or exercise physiology (he was a phys ed major at Rhode Island); and although he has a short fuse for "some of the incompetent idiots" who have positions of power in U.S. weight-lifting circles, he will go out of his way to listen attentively to anyone who can teach him something about lifting. "It's not that I won't listen to reason," Cameron says, "but I'm a goal-oriented person, and right now my goal is to do well in the Olympics. I have a tendency to get very impatient with anyone who gets in the way of that goal."

About a dozen members of the U.S. Pan-American baseball team found that out in Mexico when, during some early morning carousing in their hotel, they were confronted by a nude giant with a tattoo on his hip and blood in his eye. He looked like a cross between Dick Butkus and Genghis Khan (Cameron shaved his head for the Games: "Every man ought to get a tattoo and shave his head at least once"). "All right, you bunch of baseball butts," he told them. "Weight lifters need their sleep. We can't catch up on it in the outfield like you guys, so either quiet down or prepare for a visit to the dark side of the moon." The ball-players chose silence. "I think they were more shocked than scared," Cameron recalls. "I guess I get pretty aggressive in situations like that."

He wasn't always that way. His father spent 26 years in the Navy, moving Mark and his mother from one East Coast seaport to another, where they lived in trailers to avoid the complications of buying and selling houses. Cameron was a shy, withdrawn child, forever at the mercy of local bullies and continually subjected to ridicule for living in a trailer park. Finally, as a junior high school student in

South Carolina, he was beaten up one time too many. He bought a set of weights and began lifting in the laundry room of the trailer park, hoping, like thousands of kids who read the ads on the back pages of comic books, to triumph over the pug-faced boxers who had kicked sand in his face. At first Cameron stuck to the standard body-building course that came with the weights, but he got bored and switched to Olympic-style lifting. He learned the fundamentals of the snatch, clean-and-jerk and press as best he could from pictures in weight-lifting magazines. (The press was removed as a competitive lift after the 1972 Olympics, the consensus of weight-lifting experts being that it was too difficult to judge.)

Meanwhile, the Camerons moved to Newport, R.I., where Mark entered high school. "I was so introverted," he recalls, "they put me in what was called a 'guidance class' with all the social misfits and weirdos. I never dated, had no friends. What can I tell you? I was a casebook study in isolation." At 16, a reticent but no longer scrawny Cameron entered his first weight-lifting meet in Boston as a 181-pounder, or light heavyweight. He had never seen a weight-lifting event, so he watched the lighter-weight classes compete to find out what he was supposed to do. On his first lift, the press, he had little difficulty raising the weight above his head, but he forgot to breathe. When he set the bar back on the lifting platform he passed out, bloodying his nose and cutting his lip. The meet officials were certain they had seen the last of Cameron. But what Cameron lacked in finesse he more than made up for in determination. A year later, in early 1970, he entered the same meet, his second weight-lifting contest, and took third place. A month later, in March of 1970, Cameron, totally self-trained, won the Junior New England Championship in the 181-pound class. At that meet he was introduced to Joe Mills.

"I remember at all three meets I'd been to there was this old guy around who everybody seemed to listen to," says Cameron. "If a lifter made a mistake, this guy would tell him in plain English what he did wrong. After the meet he came up to me and said, 'You could be a champion if you come to Central Falls.' That was all he said to me. I found out his name was Joe Mills and that he coached the

Central Falls Weight Lifting Club, up in Central Falls, R.I. It took me about six months to find the place, but once I did I started driving up from Newport every week. Joe Mills became like a second father to me, and I'd do anything for him. Didn't matter if a guy lifted 100 pounds or 500, Mills treated 'em all exactly the same—he cussed 'em out, yelled and screamed. But everybody knew he really cared about us. He got me to lift more than I ever thought I could. His club is just a rinky-dink, run-down place, but there's more spirit there than in any other gym I've ever seen."

Under Mills' tutelage Cameron won the Teenage Nationals as a 181-pounder in 1971 and again in 1972. In 1973 he moved up to the 198-pound middle-heavyweight class, and in 1974 won a Junior National title, came in third in the Senior Nationals and earned a spot on the U.S. weight-lifting team that went to Manila for the world championship.

Manila proved to be the turning point in Cameron's career. He hurt his lower back and lifted poorly, managing a total of only 699 pounds for 13th place, but he was exposed for the first time to the Eastern European teams and their coaches. He was able to talk with the men who, in the mid-1960s, had revolutionized both the training methods and the techniques of weight lifting. He learned about high-intensity, heavy-load training, and about the double knee bend in the "pull," called "rebending the knees." (The pull in weight lifting is the move, in both the snatch and the clean-and-jerk, in which the lifter brings the bar from the floor to his chest, while at the same time rising on his toes, shrugging his shoulders and lifting his body completely. It is a total-extension move and considered the most crucial portion of the lift.) "They taught me things that Joe Mills instinctively knew but couldn't articulate," Cameron says. "Now I know in detail the theory of what I'm supposed to do and it's helped me enormously."

Cameron came away from Manila with a new perspective on the sport. Where he had previously trained only for technique, he now began to train for strength. He would isolate each muscle used in the snatch and clean-and-jerk and do "assistance exercises" to build power in each phase of the lift. He would, in fact, perform body-building exercises, which are traditionally avoided by Olym-

continued

Indianapolis 1976 A good day for Johnny Rutherford A good day for Goodyear



Pole to checkered flag, Johnny wins his second Indy 500.

Staving off a determined challenge from three-time Indy winner A. J. Foyt, Johnny Rutherford kept his bright orange McLaren out front to win the rain-shortened 60th running of the greatest spectacle in racing.

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Rutherford also won the 1976 pole position,

qualifying his McLaren at 188.957 mph.

Rutherford's other Indy win came in 1974, also following a duel with A. J. Foyt. Last year, Rutherford finished a close second to Bobby Unser when rain halted the race after 133 laps.

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Goodyear proudly congratulates Gentleman Johnny Rutherford, his crew and the entire Hy-Gain McLaren team for proving once more that . . .

WINNERS GO
GOOD YEAR

pic lifters in this country. "Don't get me wrong," he says. "I still can't stand body-builders and all their posing, and that 'Hi, how're your deltoids today?' stuff. If a body-builder ever showed up at Central Falls nobody would have even talked to him."

Before he left Manila, Cameron spoke at length with the Polish coach and Olympic gold-medalist Zygmunt Smalcerz, who persuaded him to move up to the 242-pound heavyweight class. Three months later, in December 1974, using the Eastern European training routine and cramming in food and supplements at every opportunity, Cameron had pushed his weight up to 211 and had a 740-pound total for both lifts. A month later his total was 771, and in June of 1975, at the Senior Nationals, he had increased it to 804.

At this point he was forced to make a crucial decision. He had just graduated from the University of Rhode Island and had the choice of continuing his education in graduate school or accepting a temporary job with the York Barbell Company, in order to spend a year training for the Olympics in the company's York Barbell Club.

"I'll be honest," Cameron says, "I wanted to go to school, and I was prepared to skip the world championship in Moscow to do it, but the U.S. Olympic Committee wouldn't let me show up just to compete at the Pan-Ams in Mexico. They said I had to be at the entire Games from start to finish, so I was faced with not only skipping the worlds but skipping the Pan-Ams, too, if I wanted to start grad school. I said to heck with it and decided to come to York for a year and postpone school. Then when I got to Mexico I counted 37 athletes who showed up just to compete like I'd wanted to do, and I knew the USOC had lied to me. As far as I'm concerned, they gipped me out of a whole year of my education. The whole thing made me very bitter."

Cameron went to Moscow, snatched 352 pounds and clean-and-jerked 458 for a total of 810 to finish fifth, then came apart in Mexico and lost to Russ Prior of Canada. But last December, at an invitational meet in Montreal, he lifted 837 pounds for the best total by a heavyweight in the Western Hemisphere since the press was eliminated.

Cameron came to York with reserva-

tions. Joe Mills had warned him that lifters had become trapped in the York system, had sloughed off, gone stale and been used by the organization; friends had cautioned that he would be without a coach, that "the Barbell," as lifters call the York complex—Barbell Company, Barbell Club and Bob Hoffman Products (health food supplements)—never produced champion lifters, merely imported them. But the saloon where Cameron had been working as a bouncer closed down and he needed a job. He was convinced he had enough sense of direction to make York work for him. "I came for one year, to train as hard as I could for the Olympics," he says. "I do my job [Cameron is assistant editor of *Strength and Health* magazine, the Barbell's publication], work out five days a week, three hours a day, and that's about all. When the year is up, it's goodbye York."

Most of the afternoon regulars have finished their workouts, showered and gone home to dinner. The York Barbell Company gym, a low-ceilinged room about the size of a basketball court, is cool and quiet. Mark Cameron sits in a folding chair at one end of the gym near one of the two 13-foot-square wooden lifting platforms, attacking the calluses on his thick, chalk-covered hands with sandpaper. Sweat drips from his shaggy brown hair onto the floor where it forms a glistening puddle. His thumbs are taped, his knees wrapped in special elastic bands, ordinary ones being too small to fit around his legs. He wears a pair of \$65 lifting shoes, with built-up heels for balance when he squats and with straps over the metatarsal arch for support. He has just tried to snatch 352 pounds, the most he has ever attempted in training, and missed. He is talking to himself, making low guttural sounds in his throat as he sands.

About 30 feet away, near the dumbbell rack over by a row of mirrors, Smitty, the trainer, stretches out the knotted arms and shoulders of Lee James, a 22-year-old Olympic hopeful in the 198-pound class, who is sitting on a bench. "C'mon, Mark," James yells at Cameron. "You can do it. Ram that weight up there." "Go get that weight," Smitty shouts. "Attack it, Mark." Another lifter, who has been doing sit-ups, stops and hollers, "Through the roof, Cameron. Put that weight through the roof." Cam-

eron gets out of his chair and moves slowly onto the platform with the stiff-armed, rolling lifter's gait. At the far end of the gym two young women sitting in the varnished bleachers stop talking and move closer together. The noises Cameron has been making in his throat have gotten louder and are now audible throughout the gym.

He positions himself over the bar, shoes precisely lined up with the stripes as they are for his every lift. His hands are spaced wide, the grip hooked, with thumbs wrapped around the bar first and fingers curled over the thumbs. His back is straight and angled, with the hips lower than the shoulders. He looks up and away from the weight for an instant, then drops into a squat and pulls, lifting his whole body and driving his hips forward as the bar flexes coming off the floor. And suddenly—so fast it seems there was no motion at all, but only a sharp expulsion of breath—he is down again in a full squat, his arms locked straight above his head, the weight held high like an offering. Then he stands with it, rises carefully from the squat and pauses, every vein in his face and neck bulging, his breath coming in tortured bursts. With a cry he drops the bar, turns on his heel with a matador's disdain and walks away.

After shaking his hand and slapping him on the back, the others leave the gym. Cameron remains, doing squats and some light assistance work, recording every lift and exercise in his blue log book. "The snatch takes speed and balance," he says on the way to the shower. "The pull is the most important part. I pull along an elliptical path. I go down the back half of the ellipse and come up the front, and if I pull correctly I almost always make the lift. From the top of the pull I'm really dropping under the bar when I lock out my arms. The clean-and-jerk's the same; same pull, only after you pull you flip the weight onto your chest as you squat. Then you stand up with it, drop under the weight again while you lock your arms and split your stance at the same time. You know, the snatch, done by a world-class lifter, is one of the fastest moves in all of sport. How does it feel with all that weight over my head? Euphoric, man, I feel euphoric."

About an hour later Cameron is working on his fourth beer down at Murph's Study Hall, the lifters' bar in York. He is still fired up from the 352-pound

continued



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snatch. "Another beer or two and I'll be nice and relaxed," he says. "Today I worked real heavy. Tomorrow I'll do all assistance work—lots of squats and power pulls, where I hold the weight at hip level and whip it straight-armed over my head. I'm using a combination Bulgarian-Russian program, with some improvisation. The further I am from a meet the more I emphasize conditioning. Then as the meet approaches I do more power work and increase the intensity of the lifts. Phew! Let me have another beer and a plate of those wimpies." The beer and some fried, highly spiced, breaded balls of fish arrive, and Cameron digs in.

"That's the good thing about being light for a heavyweight," he says. "I can eat anything and still make the weight. Now where was I? Oh, yeah. We got a meet in Toronto next weekend and ordinarily I'd slow down, but I'm not peaking for it. I'm aiming for the Olympic Trials in June, and then, of course, the Olympics. What the heck, you can peak for just so many meets a year, you know. But my friend Al Starck'll be lifting there and so will a lot of the other guys who'll be on the Olympic team, so it should be fun. Peaked or not, I'll go all-out. Always do. Think maybe I'll go for a United States record."

The crowd at Murphy's disperses, and Cameron steers his car in the direction of a York steak house. "Listen," he confides on the way. "I don't want to sound like a complainer, because I'm young and I don't have a family to support, so I can lift full time. But I'm all by myself here. In Russia and Bulgaria all of the lifters are medically monitored constantly. Heck, I know that hard training affects my kidneys and raises my blood pressure and increases the white blood cells, but what am I supposed to do, take my own blood count? They won't pick the U.S. team until a month before the Games, at which time we'll get a big two weeks to train together. In Eastern Europe they live and train together all year long. How the heck can you compete against that?"

From the time it was accepted as a sport by the AAU in 1929, weight lifting has occupied a paradoxical position in American athletics. There is hardly a sport that doesn't recognize its value as an adjunct to training, hardly a school athletic department, YMCA or professional team without a weight room, yet,

as a separate event, Olympic-style weight lifting has suffered ridicule and neglect. In part this stems from misunderstanding. Although it takes the speed and agility of an acrobat to successfully execute the snatch, Olympic lifters have either been lumped together with oily-torsoed body-builders or regarded as circus freaks. In other countries they are respected athletes and are paid well. Vasil Alexeyev, the famed Russian super-heavyweight (54, April 14, 1975), reportedly receives \$2,000 from the government every time he breaks the world record, which he has done like clockwork, one kilogram at a time. In this country past Olympic champions such as Isaac Berger, Norb Schemansky and Tommy Kono, the current Olympic weight-lifting coach, are unknowns. It is not surprising, then, that men dedicated to weight lifting would be grateful for any support they could find, and if that support comes from only a single source, that source will, in effect, control the sport.

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Bob Hoffman, 77-year-old founder and owner of the Barbell, self-proclaimed "World's Healthiest Man" and author of 5,000 maxims for better living, has, over the past 50 years, contributed a great deal of his time and considerable money to Olympic lifting. He has come to view lifting in this country as an extension of his own ego, referring to himself as "the father of world weight lifting." Hoffman and his small, close-knit group of associates, most of whom were once champion lifters themselves, have dominated the U.S. weight-lifting scene and have been accused of stifling both change and competition in the sport in America. As one member of the U.S. Olympic team puts it, "You don't have to lift for the York Barbell Club, but face it, the Olympics are only one year out of four. York is the only club that pays lifters' expenses, and what are you going to do the other three years if you don't

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CAMERON (Continued)

have the money to travel to events?"

Bill Kowaloff, a fine lifter of the 1960s who was not associated with the Barbell, gives Hoffman credit for supporting lifting. "But if you weren't one of their boys," he says, "you didn't make it. I showed up for the world championship tryout in 1963 and wasn't allowed to compete. I think the sport should not be controlled by so few."

To see how the cliquishness of York has worked against lifting in this country one need only examine the case of Sander Gere. Gere, now a prominent New York engineer, was the former Hungarian national coach. He came to America after the 1956 revolution, bringing impeccable credentials and the most advanced training techniques, but he was ignored by the York Establishment and the AAU. "When I came here," Gere recalls, "I went to every lifting event on my own money and I offered my services as a coach, but the AAU and the York people would have nothing to do with me. In a way, I can't blame them, because I was to them a foreigner, but the training techniques I advocated, which they laughed at 12 years ago, are the reason the Eastern Europeans are now breaking records. I told them about supertraining, about two workouts a day, six days a week, with very heavy weights, when they were working out three times a week for an hour and a half. York has done some good, but there is much they can be criticized for. They are primarily businessmen, not research men and not coaches."

Gere was surprised that Tommy Kono was picked to coach the Olympic team. "He is the only coach qualified in this country besides myself," he says. "But how much has he worked with his team?" Gere was told that the meet in Toronto would be Kono's first look at the current crop of U.S. Olympic lifters.

The members of the U.S. weight-lifting team selected for the Toronto Invitational meet he sprawled around Tommy Kono's room at the Westbury Hotel, waiting for the team meeting to begin. Most of them, like 165-pound Jim Napiet, a 31-year-old IRS accountant from Dallas, or 181-pound Al Starck, a student at the University of Maryland and Central Falls alumnus, are on the lean side, and would pass for wrestlers or track men sooner than weight lifters.

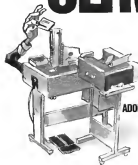
Only Phil Grippaldi, a middle heavy-weight with gargantuan muscles protruding from his T shirt, and Bruce Wilhelm, the 326-pound superheavyweight who lies on one of the twin beds like a beached whale, give the crew away. The Westbury is located in what once must have been a fashionable section of Toronto but is now overflowing with massage parlors, leather shops and porno movie houses.

Kono, an intense, soft-spoken man who has flown to Toronto the day before from his home in Hawaii, calls the meeting to order and starts talking about the lifters' choice of weights. He uses Cameron as an example of proper starting weight. "Mark has written down that he'll start with a 347 snatch. This is good, because it is a lift he can do easily, but it isn't so light that he'll have to make too big a jump for his next two." (Competitors are allowed three attempts in each lift, a fourth if they are going for a national or world record.) Kono goes on to say that several lifters have made poor choices and that he wants to see them privately. The meeting breaks up after some routine discussion of team spirit, and Cameron and Starck head for the movies. In general the lifters are impressed with Kono and like his low-keyed approach. "I'm not sure the Eastern European system would work with our lifters," he says later. "The stringent discipline over there is not really suited to our way of life." Nor, Kono believes, is an extended training camp, at least not for weight lifters. "Those guys are all individuals. They'd be sick of each other after a month and wouldn't want to train."

The following day Cameron sits in the locker room of the high school where the Tri-country (United States, Canada and Puerto Rico) Pre-Olympic Competition is being held, munching a candy bar while coaches, other lifters and assorted officials swirl nervously through the corridor leading to the lifting area on the auditorium stage. Cameron has just scandalized a weigh-in official with his tattoo and is waiting for Karl Faeth, the team's volunteer trainer from New Jersey, to rub some Atomic Balm on his lower back. Just then Russ Prior, Cameron's bull-necked, mean-faced rival in the heavy-weight class, strolls past, looking somewhat like a carnival strong man. The meet has been billed as a grudge match between Cameron and Prior, but Cam-

eronsaid

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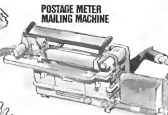
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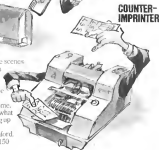
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CAMERON *continued*

eron is unimpressed. "He beat me in Mexico when I was at my worst, but I wiped him out in Montreal," he says. "I've been lifting lousy all week, but I always do my best in a meet. The crowd and the competition turn me on. Besides, my right shoulder aches and that's a sign that I'm ready."

Cameron is more than ready. He snatches 369 pounds, clean-and-jerks 479 and sets a U.S. record with an 848-pound total. Neither Prior nor any of the superheavyweights at the meet (won by the U.S.) comes close to Cameron's total. In his first attempt at both records, Cameron had missed, then psyched himself into such a frenzy "backstage" (weightlifting terminology for the room where competitors take their warm-up lifts) that he could probably have yanked the weight overhead with all three judges sitting on the bar. Afterward Tommy Kono calls Cameron "the fastest heavyweight I've ever seen," but Mark, though elated, is far from satisfied. "Christov's still the best in the world, and I've got to lift over 60 pounds more to catch him," he says. "And Yuri Zaitsev and Vasil Mozheikov of Russia are ahead of me, too. I have a lot of work to do between now and July."

That night, in the bar of the Westbury, Cameron is consoling Starek, who had not lifted well. "You have to believe you can do it, Al," he says. "Like I tell myself every day that I'm going to total over 900 by the Olympic Trials. I gotta convince myself if I'm gonna make it."

"Mark has confidence," Starek says. "I might have had more material things as a child, but he always had his family behind him 100%. His folks are super people. They came to every meet he was in and cheered for him even in the beginning when he was unknown. Heck, they even supported me more than my family did when it came to lifting. He's an only child. Maybe that has something to do with it."

Cameron, a little embarrassed, slips his beer and says nothing. Whether he wins a gold medal in Montreal or not, he has come a long way from the trailer-park laundry room. When he quits lifting he wants to give something back to the sport that has helped to show him who he is. He wants, in fact, to coach some shy, awkward kid to break his records and go on to become the Strongest Man in the Free World.

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Is he just plain John Montefusco, the Rookie-of-the-Year righthander and a homebody? Or is he The Count, the mouth without peer?

by RON FIMRITE

THE LIP WHO IS SPLIT

The Count, normally the merriest of men, was in a melancholy humor. He had endeavored to pitch for the Giants against the Cubs a few hours earlier, but he was so enfeebled by an overnight attack of influenza that he was able to survive only five lamentable innings, during which a succession of Chicago line drives sailed to the outfield fences unimpeded by the cyclonic currents of Candlestick Park. With typical bravado, The Count had promised to vanquish the Cubs without a run. At the time of his departure they had scored five.

The Count is not one to brood over defeat, but he was displeased with his recklessness. Why had he not pleaded illness and skipped this unfortunate turn on the mound? Now he sat in the kitchen of his sparsely furnished new house, hard by the Pacific Ocean, reflecting on his folly and fending off recurrent seizures of nausea. Happily, his pal Henry, a large and rumpled quasi-sheepdog, was there to distract him. The Count reached for a baseball on the table and tossed a slider into the living room for Henry to field. The Count could flip a coin and, as they say in baseball, it would "do something." When the dog returned with the ball clamped between his teeth, a visitor observed that it was autographed.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRED RAPLAK

Indeed, The Count explained, it was signed by none other than Johnny Bench, the Cincinnati slugger. Bench had been The Count's 200th strikeout victim last season, The Count said, and the famous catcher had obliged by autographing the offending ball. The guest was taken aback. Should such a valuable memento be entrusted to the keeping of a large and playfully destructive dog?

"The way I look at it," The Count re-

plied, "I'll probably strike Bench out a million more times, so I can always get myself another ball." He laughed, his spirits rising, the tumult in his tummy subsiding. The Count had struck again.

John Montefusco, a pleasant, relatively uncomplicated, frizzy-haired, not entirely immodest 26-year-old from the New Jersey coastal hamlet of Keansburg, was playing his role again. The Count is his braggadocio public self, a sort of al-

ter-egotomaniac. Remove the title—the Count of Montefusco, as in the Count of Monte Cristo—and what remains is an extravagantly talented right-handed pitcher in only his second full season of major league baseball. But it is as The Count that he is the darling of the Bay Area, a veritable franchise-saver who, in the view of friend and foe alike, is the most refreshing personality to play baseball in a long time.

"He's brought new life to the game," says Charlie Hough, the Dodger pitcher. "The characters in baseball aren't like they used to be."

"I think he's got a good thing going for him with his talk," says Hough's teammate Don Sutton. "I commend him for it. It adds a little excitement to the game, à la Dizzy Dean. He's good for baseball. He's good for that city. San Francisco needed someone like him."

That is a sentiment with which The Count heartily concurs. "This city was made for me," he says. "It's a class place, and I've got class." San Francisco has long enshrined its eccentrics, and The Count is rapidly ascending to the pantheon, joining such sainted characters as Joshua Norton, the self-proclaimed "Emperor of the U.S. and Protector of Mexico," who roamed the city streets from 1860 to 1880 wearing a naval coat complete with epaulets; Mammy Pleasant, the ex-slave boardinghouse proprietor, practitioner of swampland voodoo and all-around mysterious figure from 1850 to 1880; Jimmy Rolph, San Francisco's mayor in the 1920s, who was known as Sunny Jim because of his I-love-everybody disposition; and Lefty O'Doul, the loquacious, natty man-about-town who was Joe DiMaggio's minor league manager on the San Francisco Seals. The Count's drawing power with a recuperating franchise is unquestioned. On the chilly Friday night of April 23, only 3,500 tickets had been sold in advance for a game against the Pirates. Then it was announced that Manager Bill Rigney had altered his pitching rotation so that The Count would start that evening. The game drew 15,621, a laudable

continued



Flory on the field, The Count is quiet at home with Dory and quasi-sheepdog Henry

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turnout in a municipality whose public transportation system had been halted by a strike of city workers.

That The Count is also good for baseball seems equally beyond dispute. "All he has to do is win and he'll create as much excitement as Dizzy Dean did," says Carl Hubbell, the Hall of Famer who is now director of player development for the Giants. "He has the same kind of flair. He makes things happen—like Dean. I never saw Dizzy pitch a dull game. Baseball needs people like that."

To warrant comparison with Of Diz, The Count needs more than mere garb. And he has it. He won 15 games last year, struck out 215 in 244 innings and was named the league's Rookie of the Year. After his first 11 starts this season, he had a 6-3 record and a 2.22 ERA—with shutouts in his last two games—on a team 11 games below .500.

The Count won the first major league game he ever pitched, going the distance on Sept. 3, 1974 against the Dodgers after relieving starter Ron Bryant in the first inning with nobody out and the bases loaded. For good measure, he hit a home run in his first official big-league at bat. This noteworthy debut was a proper climax to a rise from the lower minors so swift that it astonished everyone—except The Count himself.

Despite his vehement protestations, he began the 1974 season with Amarillo in the Double A Texas League. He had spent 1973, his first year in professional baseball, with Decatur of the Class A Midwest League, winning nine games and losing only two while striking out 126 batters in 120 innings. That winter in the Arizona Instructional League, he had won six, lost one and compiled an earned-run average of 1.29. The Count went to spring training in 1974 on the roster of the Triple A Phoenix farm club and fully expected to stay with it only for the short time he reckoned the Giants would need to recognize his prowess and summon him to San Francisco. To his profound disappointment, he was dispatched instead to Amarillo for further experience. The Count was stung by what he interpreted as a rebuke, and his pitching at first reflected his discontent.

"I hate any kind of detours," he says. With his record a disconcerting 2-6 and his spirits sagging, he prepared to abandon his career and return to the Jersey shore. "I had my airline ticket and my bags were packed," he says. Fortunately

for him and, as The Count is the first to suggest, the future of baseball, he was dissuaded from pursuing this rash course by Frank Funk, now a Giant pitching coach but then the team's minor league pitching instructor. Funk was in Amarillo on the day of The Count's plotted defection and he intercepted the young pitcher on his way to the airport.

"I took him aside and asked him if he realized how close he was to being a major league pitcher," Funk recalls. "He only lacked a little more experience. He had a short fuse in those days. He just had a little growing up to do."

The Count decided to stick it out. In the next month, he pitched three shutouts, took over the league lead in strikeouts and acquired his nickname—"they called me Count Monty of Amarillo." He began his now celebrated practice of predicting his own triumphs. One of the earliest of these forecasts was that he would be out of Amarillo and with Phoenix in time for the team's trip to Hawaii on July 6. The Count made it with a day to spare. In less than half a season at Phoenix he was 7-3 and struck out 90 in 77 innings. Against Salt Lake City he set a Pacific Coast League record by striking out eight batters in succession. Finally, during a game in Tucson, he was advised by Phoenix Manager Rocky Bridges to stop worrying about getting to the big leagues and start packing. The Giants had asked for him. "The rest," says The Count, "is history."

What is most remarkable about The Count's meteoric rise is that he was passed over by major league scouts until he reached the athletically advanced age of 23. He had played shortstop at Middletown (N.J.) Township High School, pitching only in his senior year. He had nearly reached his present height of 6'1½", but at 135 pounds he weighed 45 less than he does now. His was not the sort of physique that brought bird dogs flocking to his door. After graduation, The Count took a job as a clerk with the telephone company and joined the Red Bank Tire Company's team in the semi-pro Jersey Shore League. He was a reliever at first, becoming a starter in his second season. He pitched well enough in his third season to win the league's MVP award. But the scouts were unimpressed, even though The Count had begun to clamor for their attention.

"I had tryouts everywhere," he says. "And I'd do good, but they'd just say,

'We'll keep an eye on you.' " One of his tryouts was at Yankee Stadium under the supposedly expert eye of then Yankee Manager Ralph Houk. "He watched me throw in the bullpen and said, 'We'll keep an eye on you,'" The Count recalls. "Well, he never kept an eye on me, and neither did the others. Now all those people are kicking their butts for not giving me a chance."

The Count's frustrating encounters with scouts account in no small measure for his boasting. Because they would not recognize his ability, he felt compelled to tell them—over and over. He passed age 20 undiscovered, a Babe, so to speak, in the woods, and now the scouts were saying he was too old to be a prospect. So The Count elected to try higher education as an alternative to big-league stardom. He enrolled in New Jersey's Brookdale Community College in 1971 and pitched there for two seasons, winning 18 and losing two. That won him a baseball scholarship to Clemson. The Count was preparing, as he puts it, "to sign with them" for the spring semester of 1973, when Giant scouts Frank Burke and Buddy Kerr agreed to accommodate their old friend Frank Porter, the boss of Red Bank Tire, and take a look at The Count. The perspicacity of Burke and Kerr is now legendary. They signed The Count to a contract in the low minors. Elated, he advised a still-skeptical Kerr he would be in the majors in two years "Buddy looked at me and laughed," he says. Of course, it was The Count who had the last laugh. Almost two years to the day, he made good his boast.

Like his fellow braggart, Muhammad Ali, The Count is adept at fulfilling his boastful forecasts. Before his first start last year, he publicly predicted he would shut out the Braves. He did. He told First Baseman Willie Montanez that he would require only one run to win a game against Philadelphia. He won 1-0. He announced on a radio talk show that he would shut out the Dodgers on the Fourth of July. He did, beating Andy Messersmith 1-0. He correctly forecast that Bench would be his 200th strikeout victim, and Henry has the autographed ball between his teeth to prove it. However, Bench has not otherwise enhanced The Count's record as a soothsayer. Last year The Count informed the Cincinnati press that not only would he shut out the Reds on July 31 but also, as a filip, he would strike out Bench four times. In his

continued



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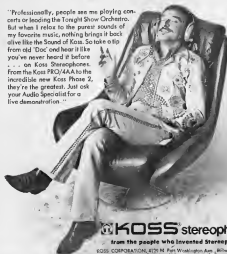
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THE COUNT *continued*

first at bat, Bench smote a three-run homer that was one of the longest ever hit in Riverfront Stadium. The Reds went on to score 11 runs. When he was relieved in the second inning, The Count was booed by the Cincinnati fans. As he reached the dugout he doffed his cap. The jeers promptly turned to cheers.

It is a tribute to the efficacy of his act that The Count is nearly as popular with opposing fans and players as he is with Giant loyalists and his teammates. Dodger Pitcher Tommy John puts his opponent in neat perspective: "I think the guy is great . . . all the talking he does. He likes to beat the Dodgers. Beautiful. It draws people. The fans are going to come out here to boo him and hope to see us knock him out. That's going to attract a few thousand more fans, and that's what we are really here for."

"Everybody likes The Count," says Giant Pitcher John D'Aquisto. "He gives everybody a competitive attitude. His opponents like him because he makes them try harder. And we try harder to live up to his predictions. I can only say good things about him because he's such a good person."

To be sure, no one is liked all the time. In the Easter Sunday game this year at Cincinnati, The Count and his catcher, the ordinarily passive Dave Rader, had an altercation on the infield grass that was plainly seen by the 23,701 people at the stadium and the TV viewers back in the Bay Area. The Count was angry with Rader for calling a fastball that Cesar Geronimo hit for a triple. Rader was displeased with The Count for allowing his concentration to waver and for failing to "drive off the mound." They snapped at each other for several minutes before stomping back to their positions. Between innings Rigney brought the antagonists together. There were mutual apologies, and Rader remains among The Count's most vocal boosters. "He says he can do it all, and he can," says Rader. Rigney is convinced the dispute brought the battery closer together.

The Count's act serves him in several ways. Most obviously, it attracts attention to a young man who spent most of his life being unnoticed. More subtly, it helps prepare him for the tense business of pitching. By bragging, he puts additional pressure on himself and, he says, he is at his best under pressure. "The difference between me and other players is that I say what I'm thinking," he says.

continued

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"No one goes out there thinking he's going to lose. I just say I'm going to win. I don't mind saying those things, because I know I can back them up when I feel good. And it doesn't bother me if I happen to miss. So I predict a shutout and I'm shelled. What am I supposed to do? Go hide? No way."

Montefusco marshals some impressive weapons to support his boasts, mainly a live fastball that moves in quirky ways, a wicked slider or "cut fastball," a good curve and a burgeoning forkball. When his pitches are working well, he is almost unhittable. In a game against the Cardinals on April 28 he struck out eight of the first nine batters to face him and equaled the then major league season strikeout high of 12 by the seventh inning. In a characteristic gesture, he paused in his labors to read of this achievement on the Cundiestock message board. The crowd cheered his self-indulgence. Unfortunately, he was removed for a pinch hitter after the eighth, and the Giants contrived to lose the game 4-2 in 16 innings. In addition to his stuff, Montefusco brings to the game a competitive spirit that, in Coach Funk's opinion, "is beyond the normal. He is what I would call fiercely competitive. With all he has, I don't see anything in the world that can hold him back."

It may astound—and even dismay—The Count's fans to hear that he leads a relatively subdued life away from the ball park. In a time when most professional athletes array themselves like Florentine dukes, The Count of Montefusco wears blue jeans and polo shirts. He bought his first suit only a few months ago while working at his off-season job as an assistant to Public Relations Director Bob Wuerth at Bay Meadows Race Track. The occasion for the purchase was a dinner honoring Telly Savalas, whose horse, Telly's Pop, was running at Bay Meadows. Savalas had spent several hours that day autographing photos, a chore which Montefusco interrupted by presenting him with an autographed photo of The Count. The gruff Savalas was considerably amused.

Montefusco's second suit, a severe three-piece garment of a cut favored by San Francisco's Montgomery Street stockbrokers, was bought for the formal signing of his new \$60,000 contract, an event held, for reasons that are not entirely clear, at the city's Playboy Club. The Count arrived for the ceremony in a

continued



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RONSON

Immense. If his agent had had his way, The Count would have been wearing white tie and tails. Montefusco rejected this suggestion and subsequently dismissed the agent, possibly for bad taste. He now handles his own business affairs, a declaration of independence that also sets him apart from his contemporaries, most of whom employ legal and business staffs large enough to fit the needs of the Hughes Tool Company.

Montefusco has a lovely airline stewardess girl friend, Dory Samples, with whom he resides in a modest rented house at Half Moon Bay, a beach community 20 miles south of San Francisco. He walks Henry and rides his horse—named, sure enough, Count—on the beach. At night he and Dory "put a few logs on the fire, eat some pizza and watch television," a routine that would scarcely intimidate Walt Frazier or Broadway Joe. Separated from the ball park and an adoring press, he is almost never The Count.

"It's very confusing," says Dory. "He's really two people. Here, he's just John. Then I see him on television, and all of a sudden there's someone out there being The Count."

"People who speak to me away from the park are usually surprised at how little I talk," Montefusco says. When he is not into his act, his open, handsome face suggests innocence that is very nearly endearing. "People will say, 'You're not the guy I read about in the papers.' It's true, I guess. Away from the ball park, I don't say much. I just kind of sit around and listen. The way I talk in front of reporters is something else. Look, it's all so new to me, I don't know exactly what's going on."

Have we a dual personality here, a mild-mannered dog walker combined with You Know Me Al? Dory holds firm to the two-people view and clearly prefers the dog walker. Others, notably newsmen in search of copy, would rather think of The Count and Montefusco as one and the same. Both parties may be right. Perhaps The Count was always inside Montefusco, imprisoned in some psychic Chateau d'If, constantly struggling to dig his way out.

Montefusco sees no conflict in identification. The Count serves him well, and he insists that the persona can be turned off at will. "The Count?" he says to himself. "Why he's just the guy out there pitching. I'm John Montefusco." **END**

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THE ROAD CAR.

"What makes America work?—an economy



by Paul W. McCracken

*Edmund Ezra Day University
Professor of Business Administration,
The University of Michigan*

Get right to the heart of the problem. That characterizes the American way of thinking.

Inflation is certainly a problem. Therefore, just blow the whistle and command all prices and wages to halt. We can expect strong support for such a seemingly "no-nonsense" approach in the period ahead.

Why not?

The fact is that the human race has had vast experience with these controls, under widely varying circumstances, and the results have been remarkably similar.

First, adoption of wage and price controls diverts attention from the basic sources of inflation. Having seemingly solved the problem by controls, the political process finds it easy to neglect the fundamental requirements of fiscal and monetary restraint. Price and wage controls would be as if we tried to cool down an overheated house by applying an ice cube on the thermometer, while the furnace roars on.

Second, these controls, therefore, always fail. U.S. controls launched in 1971 were well-managed, but they created severe distortions, played a role in the severity of the 1974 recession, and became the prologue for a particularly severe subsequent inflation. In fact, governments that have been most beguiled by the controls approach tend to be countries with a particularly poor record on inflation.

Third, they create vast

new pressures toward moral degradation. Confronted by the inevitable shortages with prices held artificially low, the fellow not bothered by black markets and under-the-table payments does well while the fellow who believes in obeying the law does without. A strong weapon against corruption and moral decay is an economy in which the only route to success is superior performance in open and competitive markets. (And it comes as no surprise that some of the world's most corrupt societies are to be found among



free from wage and price controls."

those embracing detailed controls over economic life.)

There is a predictable cycle here. Controls are tried. They fail, leaving a trail of distortions and corruption. They are discarded.

Two centuries ago the Continental Congress declared: "...it hath been found by Experience that Limitations upon the Price of Commodities are not only ineffectual for the Purposes proposed but likewise productive of very evil Consequences to the great Detriment of the public Service and grievous Oppres-

sion of Individuals."

Hopefully today's Congress, if urged to repeat policies with a consistent record of failure, can be equally clear-eyed.

*Jonathan Gussman, "Wage and Price Controls During the Revolution Month's Editorials," Sept. 1983

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Controls and U.S. Steel

The effect of wage and price controls from 1971 to April, 1974 can be clearly illustrated by the experience of the steel industry, including U.S. Steel.

During this period, American steel companies

earned 6.5 per cent on their investment—about half that earned by other industries. Consequently, there was no incentive to grow.

In 1973, demand for steel was up sharply. But with little new capacity, domestic steel producers could not meet this demand—and American industry went through a period of severe steel shortage and paid huge premiums to foreign producers for their increased steel needs. Many job opportunities were lost to foreign companies. Some of them have still not been recaptured.

Steel shortages far more severe than those experienced during 1973-74 may well occur again unless steel companies have the ability and the incentive to expand and modernize their facilities.

United States Steel, 600 Grant Street, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15230.

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Vigorous price competition is a key reason why Americans enjoy a high standard of living.



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SHE CAN HANDLE THIS FIELD

It is rare for television to allow an unknown to work sporting events on camera in any market, let alone a major one. Local station managers seem as convinced as network executives that audiences are just as star-struck as they are themselves, that a baseball score becomes a Gettyburg Address when delivered by a former star shortstop, that news of the National Football League plays better when filtered through the head of a onetime Super Bowl quarterback.

Since January, however, WOR-TV in New York, the nation's heaviest programmer of televised sports (1,000 hours per year), Marvin H. Sugarman Productions and the New York Racing Association have been taking a gamble on an unknown named Charlie Canety. Charlie, 30, was not discovered aboard a Kentucky Derby winner or even on the U.S. Equestrian Team. Canety knows what she is talking about because she came to TV by way of the backstretch of New York racetracks, where she works horses every morning. Most afternoons she breaks yearlings and 2-year-olds at the Long Island estate of Ogden Phipps. She is married to Joe Canety, a trainer of five years' experience. And if all of the above were not enough to give her horse sense, she is also part owner of a 10-year-old gelding, Too Many Chiefs, the oldest horse running at NYRA tracks and a lifetime winner of nearly \$100,000.

This year she will make some 50 Saturday afternoon appearances on the *Racing from Belmont* (or Aqueduct or Saratoga) show, and although she is playing to a relatively small audience in rating terms—an estimated 300,000 viewers per week—she has already struck the right notes. *Racing from Belmont* does a line job of what it sets out to do: telecasting and interpreting the feature race and the Triple, or last race. Horses are introduced and discussed, jockeys and owners interviewed and upcoming races previewed. The program allows customers of New York's Off-Track Betting Corporation to watch their money run, but probably also creates new live customers for the tracks. The show uses four cameras and costs an estimated \$18,000 a week to produce.

Until Charlie Canety entered the picture, *Racing from Belmont* functioned with two anchors, Dave Johnson, the 32-year-old public-

address voice of the New York tracks, and Frank Wright, a trainer who is often seen on CBS. Johnson and Wright were fine together for three years, but last fall Bill Creasy, the executive director for television and film for NYRA, let it be known that there was interest in adding a woman to the show. "We wanted someone from around the racetrack who knew horses and racing and could explain things to the audience," Creasy says. Frank Tours, a member of NYRA's publicity staff who had been instrumental in producing live racing shows from Santa Anita over Los Angeles' KNXT-TV for 13 years, recommended Charlie. "She had worked Sansar for Trainer Frank Whiteley," Tours says, "and that was a difficult filly to work. I noticed how well she got along with grooms, trainers and owners, and thought she might be O.K."

Canety appeared on a fall segment of the show as an interviewee. On the winter day she began her telecasts she was called at 11:30 in the morning to do the program the same afternoon. "Outside of the time I was on the show as a subject," she says, "I had appeared on television only once before I stumped the panel on *What's My Line?* and got \$50. My line was that I exercised a filly named Arlene Francis. The real Arlene Francis didn't guess what I did. It was Olympic time, and the panel members thought I had something to do with the Olympics."

Charlie got her name because her father wanted a boy for his third child, and was going to name him Charles Oscar. He got as close as he could. Charlie graduated from George Washington University in 1968 despite having cut quite a few classes to gallop racehorses. "She was always interested in horses," says her sister, the author and Washington TV personality Barbara Howar. "I used to buy her pony rides, and she wouldn't get off. I'd run out of money, and the other kids would be lined up, waiting for



CHARLIE CANETY KNOWS HER OATS ON HORSE RACING

their rides. She knows her subject. Not a lot of people on television do."

When she began galloping horses at Delaware Park after graduation, Canety was paid \$150 per week but took a cut to \$85 when she went to New York, where her husband was working. "The biggest difference on the racetracks these days is in the number of women who work there," she says. "When I started in 1968 maybe there were two dozen, now they make up 35 to 40% of the help." Except for an occasional old movie, Canety does not watch television. "I really don't have the time," she says, "and I couldn't imagine myself wasting an afternoon on soap operas, although I did discover that soap music can be soothing if you are doing other things."

Canety is at the racetrack every morning at 6 a.m. working four or five horses 45 minutes each for Frank Whiteley's son David. She also cleans tack and sweeps and rakes around the barns. "I guess I still lack some confidence," she says, "but I'm trying. People seem to know me at the post office and the cleaners."

Now the networks know her, too, and have expressed some interest. The *Racing from Belmont* prints handicapping phrases every day that could easily be applied to Charlie Canety: working steadily, due for improvement, has the credentials, rates attention, can handle this field.

END

A Tiger burning bright

Ron LeFlore was not in Detroit's lineup on Opening Day, but then he swung out on the longest American League hitting streak in 27 years



ON THE LAST DAY, A BUNT TRY FAILED

Last Friday night in Detroit, Tiger Centerfielder Ron LeFlore did not get a base hit. He did not beat out a grounder, crack a single up the middle or smash a double into the alley. There were no chinkers, no bloopers, no slow rollers, no bad hops. Nothing he hit was too hot to handle, too high to reach or too low to stab. Ron LeFlore went 0 for 4, the first time he had gone 0 for anything all year.

Not since George Sisler opened the 1925 season by hitting safely in his first 34 games had there been a start like LeFlore's. The streak had begun 30 games earlier with his first at bat in his first start of the year on April 17. It continued for the next six weeks in seven different ball parks against nine different teams. LeFlore got hits after his brother was shot and killed, after his girl friend gave birth to their baby and after his father was tak-

en to the hospital. He hit and he hit, and he kept on hitting.

Before New York Yankee Pitchers Ed Figueroa and Tippy Martinez combined to stop him, LeFlore's streak had become the 15th longest in baseball history and the American League's best since 1949, when Dom DiMaggio had 34 straight. And even if LeFlore did fall short of Joe DiMaggio's incredible 56-game string of 1941, he built a .392 batting average, the highest in the majors.

The speedy, tautly muscled LeFlore has always been considered a player of great potential, but no one expected such a spectacular feat from him in what is only his second full season with the Tigers. Every time he misjudged a fly ball, overthrew a cutoff man, ran wildly on the bases or swung at a bad pitch, people reminded themselves that he was still learning the game, and that he had been out of Southern Michigan State Prison not quite three years. Of SMSP is where LeFlore discovered the game of baseball and where the Tigers discovered him.

LeFlore has such a nice smile and is so cooperative it is hard to believe that he spent most of his life from July 1965 to July 1973 in various penal institutions. But the record shows that he tried to crack a safe and rob a bar, and that in between convictions he violated parole. Today he willingly discusses an abridged version of his mispent youth on Detroit's East Side.

About the only question that bothers LeFlore these days is one about his age. Until recently everyone thought he would turn 24 on June 16. Then a newspaper discovered records indicating that he was four years older—and that the missing four years included criminal activity more extensive than LeFlore had previously described. On that subject he is understandably sensitive. He feels the time has come to concentrate on his baseball record and not his police record.

Until this year LeFlore's baseball record was more promising than impressive. The publicity he got was more for his rehabilitation than for his batting average—a career .259. But to the displeasure of pitchers, LeFlore is learning the strike zone. And when he swings he is keeping his eye on the ball and looking for consistent contact instead of an infrequent home run.

These are basics that every hitter is taught but very few master. They did not come easily for LeFlore, either. After a bad spring, he failed to make the opening-day lineup. In fact, his only appearance in the Tigers' first four regular-season games was as a pinch runner. "That really bothered me," he said last week. "I thought I had corrected a lot of my hitting faults. On opening day I was so upset I didn't do my running. But I finally decided I shouldn't act that way. I decided to wait for my chance."

When that chance came against California, the new, improved LeFlore took his wide-open, bent-over stance at the plate and went to work. Batting lead-off, he opened his first three games with doubles and in the fourth went 3 for 4. Eight times he got two hits, five times he had three hits and once, against Baltimore, he went 4 for 5, driving in three runs and scoring two. Even on days he wasn't hitting well, he kept the string alive. He struck out three times against Minnesota on May 4, but still managed a single in six at bats. His hits weren't cheapies, either; he has had only two infield hits and two bunt singles.

As the streak went on and interest in it grew, LeFlore learned to enjoy the attention he was getting. He said he imagined he was undergoing no more distractions than Babe Ruth endured every day. "I don't want it to end," he said, "but I'm not going to worry if it does. I didn't get uptight when I went four games without a hit last year, and I'm not going to be bothered now. At least while I hit nobody is criticizing the team for losing."

Actually, for all his hits, LeFlore may have as much to do with the Tigers' last-place standing in the East Division as anybody. He has yet to drive in a game-winning run; his undisciplined play contributed to several defeats. In one game LeFlore tried to steal third with two out in the ninth and power-hitting Willie Horton at bat. In an earlier loss to the Yankees he made two errors.

Teammate Rusty Staub says LeFlore

continues

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must "learn to discipline his thinking and be more attentive to the little things." Reggie Jackson of Baltimore puts it another way: "He plays like a wild man."

Against the Yankees last Friday, however, he was all too docile. There was even irony to the way the streak ended, since New York's Billy Martin was the Detroit manager when LeFlore signed with the Tigers. Before the game Martin wished him well. "If he gets a hit in every game of the series and it doesn't hurt us, I say more power to him."

When LeFlore stepped in to lead off the home half of the first, the Yankee outfielders immediately shifted over toward right. LeFlore is not a left-handed hitter, but he might as well be. Last season he had far more trouble with southpaws than righties, and his best-hit balls this year, including his only home run, have gone to the right side.

LeFlore does not take many pitches, but he took Figueroa's first, on the outside corner of the plate. The second pitch was even tougher, a curveball inside. Jammed, LeFlore lofted an easy fly ball to Osear Gamble in shallow right.

LeFlore's second appearance, in the third inning, was the only time, he said later, that he actually presented himself to get a hit. With Jerry Manuel on second, he battled Figueroa to a full count and then again made poor contact with a curve in close. Even so, he might have beaten out his bounder to third base if Graig Nettles had not been moving with the pitch. "I saw the runner start like he was stealing," Nettles said later. "If I hadn't gone over to cover the bag, I probably wouldn't have fielded the ball quickly enough to throw LeFlore out."

Manuel's presence on base was also a factor in the sixth. LeFlore did reach first this time, but on a fielder's choice that might have been a hit if Shortstop Jim Mason had been forced to field the slow chopper and throw to first instead of having an easy force at second on Manuel.

LeFlore's last chance came in the eighth. By now the game was slipping away, with the Yankees ahead 9-5, but none of the 19,509 spectators was leaving Tiger Stadium until LeFlore had taken his final swings. On three other occasions he had salvaged the streak with his last at bat, and the fans were counting on him to do it again. As LeFlore walked out of the dugout to start the inning, the crowd began a rhythmic clapping that became a full-fledged ova-

tion as he stepped into the batter's box.

LeFlore already knew what he wanted to do. If the first baseman was playing back, he was going to try to push a bunt past the pitcher—just as he had against Ken Holtzman of Baltimore the night before. LeFlore swung and missed reliever Martinez' first pitch. He got the opportunity he wanted on the second but fouled it off. With Martinez ahead in the count 0-2, Catcher Thurman Munson went out to the pitcher. "Throw him a good fastball," Munson ordered, "but keep it inside."

As Munson explained later, he was actually trying to do LeFlore a favor. "We'd been giving him nothing but breaking balls, and he's a fastball hitter," Munson said. "I wanted to give him a chance. I figured with his streak and our four-run lead he deserved it. I'm a competitive guy, don't get me wrong, but a 30-game hitting streak is nice, too."

Martinez pitched as he was told—a good fastball inside—but inexplicably, and perhaps excusably, LeFlore took it for a called third strike.

It was not a very heroic way to go down, but the fans gave LeFlore loud applause and his teammates offered their condolences in the dugout.

"They got me out, that's all," LeFlore said afterward without a sign of dejection. "They were balls I could hit, but I didn't. But how can I be disappointed? It was a great accomplishment on my part. I just wish it could go on. Maybe I'll start another streak tomorrow."

THE WEEK

(May 23-29)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AL WEST

Bert Campaneris stole five bases, one shy of the modern league record set by Eddie Collins in 1912, as the A's sped past the Twins 12-7 in a game in which Minnesota's Steve Luebber also unleashed three straight wild pitches. Oakland (4-3) stole 26 bases in all, 11 by Campaneris. If the A's maintain their galloping pace—they have stolen 100 times in 43 games—they will finish with 373 thefts. (The league record is 291, by the 1913 Senators; the major league high is 247, by the 1911 Giants.) But speed did not always pay off for the A's: they dropped a doubleheader to Chicago 3-1 and 4-3 despite 10 steals. Then, for a change, Oakland did some long-

balling, bombing four home runs and trampling the White Sox 11-0 behind the six-hit pitching of Stan Bahnsen.

Texas Manager Frank Lucchesi was delighted when his hitters generated some thunder and lightning by scoring nine runs in one inning against California in a 4-2 week. When the weatherman turned on his thunder and lightning (and golf ball-sized hail), Lucchesi popped a tranquilizer. Jim Umberger won that rain-abolished game 9-0, and later muffed the Twins 4-0. Lucchesi probably took more tranquilizers during the Rangers' four-game series with first-place Kansas City. The Royals (3-3) walked three homers and won the opener 14-11 as the Rangers made seven errors. Next time out, Fred Patek, Amos Otis and Bob Stinson hit home runs as the Royals drubbed the Rangers 14-2 and moved 2½ games in front of them. That was Kansas City's fourth straight win over Texas and its 18th in 22 games over two seasons. Just as Texas was beginning to think just, though, the Rangers won the third game 5-4 when Catcher Jim Sundberg, hitting .152 at the time, singled home Roy Howell with the bases full in the 10th inning. And then Jim Fregoso, who had hit safely only four times all season, drilled a two-run homer and drove in another run as Texas won the final game 6-4 to split the series. For the Royals, Otis hit .369 and drove in eight runs; Outfielder Tom Poquette hit .476, and handyman Stinson, moving behind the plate after Catcher Buck Martinez spiked himself, hit .450. For Texas the heavy weapons were Outfielder Tom Grieve with nine RBIs and Third Baseman Howell with four hits in one game and a .455 average.

Dan Ford tied Otis, George Hendrick and Carl Yastrzemski for the home run lead, blasting his eighth as Minnesota (2-4) topped Oakland 6-1. Chicago (5-2) stretched its winning streak to 10 games, the longest since 1967. The White Sox beat the Angels 5-3 when Brian Downing doubled in three runs and beat California 1-0 on a single in the 11th by Bucky Dent. Clay (Hawk) Carroll had a fielder's and two saves in relief. It all ended, though, when Bill Melton, the former White Sox third baseman, had three RBIs and the Angels (1-5) beat the Sox 5-3 as lefthander Frank Tanana, who has a 1.99 ERA for his last 73½ innings, won his sixth game. Unfortunately for California, the once redoubtable Nolan Ryan remained doubtful, losing his fifth and sixth games.

KG 24-54 TEX 24-18 OHI 10-18
MINN 12-20 OAK 10-24 CAL 12-22

AL EAST

"Every manager should have a Sandy Alomar," said Billy Martin of New York (3-3). Twelve major league managers have had Alomar, who now sees little action with the Yankees

continued

because rookie Willie Randolph has taken over at second base. Came a game with Cleveland, and Martin sent Alomar in to pinch-run for Rick Dempsey. So he stole second and then scored the winning run in New York's 4-3 victory. Having an Oscar Gamble didn't hurt, either. It was Gamble who drove in Alomar with a pinch single. And it was Gamble who hit a three-run homer to beat the Brewers 5-2.

After Bill Travers of Milwaukee (2-4) had cooled off first-place New York 1-0 with a four-hitter, Brewer Manager Alex Grammas said, "From what I've seen of left-handers in this league, there's Tanana and Travers, and pick anyone you want for third spot." Grammas had a point. Aside from Travers and Tanana, only five other left-handed American League starters won their games, and only two of the five—Jim Umberger of the Rangers and Vida Blue of the A's—went the nine-inning distance.

Right-handers came on strong for Boston (4-2). Rick Wise and Luis Tiant hurled back-to-back shutouts against Detroit and Ferguson Jenkins beat Milwaukee 2-1. A man with a 1-3 record and a 6.62 ERA going into the week, Wise, who had won 19 games in 1975, needed help. Before facing the Tigers he got it from Tiant. "Show me how you grip the ball," Wise said. Tiant did, and after stopping Detroit on two hits, Wise revealed, "I used two new grips. I had my fingers down the seams, not across them." For Tiant, the shutout was the 39th of his career; for Jenkins, the win was his third in a row after a shaky start.

With Jim Palmer winless for the second straight week and lefty Mike Cuellar saddled with a 7.91 ERA, Baltimore (3-4) went to its bullpen for desperately needed pitching help. Doyle Alexander, making his second start of the season, beat Detroit 6-0, and Wayne Garland, starting his first game, stared down Fenway Park's left-field monster and beat Boston 4-1 to keep the Orioles in second place.

Recovering from a series of poor performances in which he gave up 21 hits and 15 runs in 29 innings, Cleveland's Dennis Eckersley, the league's rookie pitcher of the year in 1975, gave the Driofles but one hit for eight innings in a 4-0 victory. The Indians (5-1) escaped the cellar by taking a doubleheader from the Milwaukee Brewers, with reliever Jim Kern saving the 2-1 opener and then coming back to pitch six shutout innings to win the second game 8-5. All of which pushed the revitalized Indians into a tie for third place with the Red Sox.

Detroit (2-5) was shut out three times and fell into last place despite the robust hitting of Alex Johnson (.458) and the streaking Ron LeFlore.

NY 26-14 BAL 21-18 BOS 16-20
CLEV 15-20 MIL 15-18 DET 10-23

NL WEST

"Physically, I'm not sound," said Johnny Bench of Cincinnati (3-1). Still troubled by a sore left shoulder, the slumping Bench (.219) asked to be dropped to sixth in the batting order. Replacing Bench in the fifth spot was George Foster, who responded with 11 hits in 15 at bats, four home runs and 14 RBIs. Foster leads the league with 39 RBIs. Jack Billingham baffled the Padres 11-0 on three hits. Rookie Santo Alcalá (4-0) stopped the Braves 10-4, then Cincinnati's other rookie pitcher, Pat Zachry (4-0), lowered his ERA to 1.17 by stifling the Dodgers 9-0.

Doug Rau of Los Angeles (2-3) flew home to Texas to be with his critically ill father, but rejoined the Dodgers for his next start at his dad's insistence and beat San Diego 8-0 for his fifth win. Manny Mota accounted for the other Dodgers victory with a pinch single in the 10th that beat the Astros 6-3.

Eighteen of San Diego's 21 wins this year have been recorded by three pitchers: Randy Jones (9-2), Brent Strom (5-2) and rookie reliever Butch Metzger (4-0). Jones stopped the Dodgers 5-2, and Strom beat the Giants 3-1 with aid from Metzger, who gained his fifth save. The Padres (3-3) recalled Dave Frittleben from Hawaii, and he turned back the Dodgers 2-0 on six hits.

After weeks of famine San Francisco (5-2) finally had a feast. New Centerfielder Larry Herndon batted .538, Shortstop Chris Speier hit safely in six straight games and the punchless Giants, homerless in 13 games, suddenly exploded for six home runs. In one game San Francisco outlasted Houston 7-6 as Bobby Murcer hit a grand slam. Speier singled in the 10th to down the Braves 1-0 in another game. John Montefusco pitching a three-hitter for his fifth win. His next time out, Montefusco threw another three-hit shutout, this one 5-0 against the Padres.

Shortstop Darrel Chaney of Atlanta (2-2), a .207 hitter during his seven years with Cincinnati, beat his former teammates 4-3 with his third hit of the game, a two-run double in the ninth. Chaney had three more hits in Atlanta's 9-2 romp over the Giants.

Why did Houston lose four straight? One reason: the Astros left 40 runners on base. Another: their four starting pitchers lasted a total of only 16 innings and gave up 25 hits, 18 runs and 11 walks.

LA 37-10 CIN 35-18 SD 21-21
HOU 18-26 ATL 18-28 SF 17-28

NL EAST

When Tommy Hutton of the Phillies (5-1) bats, Tom Seaver of the Mets listens. Hutton, who started the season with a .255 lifetime batting average, was at .167 as he faced his favorite pitcher in Philadelphia. Three hits later Hutton had raised his career average against Seaver to .424 (14 for 33). Hutton's outburst was only part of a 15-hit barrage

against Seaver as the Phillies gave undefeated Jim Lonborg his seventh victory, 8-4. Philadelphia's pitching repeatedly stymied the Mets. Larry Christenson scattered seven hits in a 7-1 victory and Steve Carlton allowed only three in a 3-0 win. Jim Kaat held the Mets to one run for eight innings in the final game of the series, then they finally erupted and loaded the bases with two out. Up stepped Wayne Garrett to face reliever Tuc McGraw. Pondering an upcoming 2-0 pitch, Garrett thought, "There is no earthly way he'll give me a fastball." Thinking the same thing, former Mets screwballer McGraw tried to catch Garrett off-stride with a fastball. "My eyes really lit up when I saw it," said Garrett, who smashed the pitch for a bases-clearing triple as the Mets and Jerry Kosman (6-1) won 5-2. "We just busted their bubble, boys," erupted Mets Manager Joe Frazier. "They ain't going to beat us tomorrow." The Phillies certainly didn't, but the Cardinals did, with John Curtis pitching a three-hit shutout and Willie Crawford crashing a grand-slam home run to conclude the Mets' 1-5 week.

Montreal and Chicago both won three of

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

KEN BRETT: The White Sox left-hander, acquired from the Yankees two weeks ago, was within one out of a no-hitter when Jerry Remy of California scratched out an infield single. But Brett went on to triumph 1-0 in 11 innings.

five. Woodie Fryman of the Expos got his sixth victory in a 4-2 game with the Pirates, then Larry Parrish beat them 6-3 with a two-run double in the 11th. On the negative side, Montreal Pitcher Steve Rogers broke the little finger of his pitching hand when he slammed his glove against the bat rack in disgust. Steve Renko, recently acquired from the Expos, earned his first win as a Cub, nipping the Cardinals 2-1.

Although the Cardinals (2-3) boasted two of the top hitters in the league—Babe McBride (.365) and Willie Crawford (.369)—their team average was only .248, ninth in the league. Manager Red Schoendienst used five pinchhitters in one lineup, and the Cardinals received a shipment of eight dozen new bats, but nothing helped, for the week the Cardinals hit only .211.

John Candelaria of Pittsburgh (2-3) averaged only one home run pitch each 15 innings last season as a rookie, but he has been tagged for six in his last 14 innings. Outfielder Bill Robinson hit .450 to take over the league lead at .379.

PHIL 37-40 PIT 33-17 NY 33-21
CHI 18-22 MON 16-21 ST L 18-28

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An ancient martial art had lots of language scholars rocking



MARY HYDE FINALLY GOT ZEPHYRUS WORKING

It was a brief but remarkable exhumation, and when the Fifth National Catapult Contest came to a thudding halt in Indianapolis the other day, it seemed abundantly clear that catapulting is back—though no one is precisely sure where it has been nor what it has been doing there. That's the way it is with some sports. You go six or seven centuries without hearing a word about them, then suddenly everywhere you turn it's catapulting, catapulting, catapulting.

Modern weaponry, even with its splendid capacity for barbecuing the entire planet and everyone on it three times over, lacks the personal touch that the ancient Romans brought to battle with their fearsome siege engines. To be sure, the intervening centuries have produced a serious shortage of cities that require besieging. That being the case, catapulting has evolved into a proper sport for proper young gentlemen and ladies.

This Indianapolis congress of siege engines began modestly 10 years ago at that city's Park School as a Latin project to give students a better understanding of Caesar's *Gallie Wars*. Five years later the competition was opened to Latin students nationwide, this year 41 machines in seven states competed, 22 of them at a field in Indianapolis. Indy, though slightly better known for an automobile race that runs concurrently with the catapulting season, is widely considered the cradle of modern catapulting. That is largely because it is the home of Bernard Barcio, the Latin teacher at Eastwood Ju-



BERNARD BARCIO MAKES LATIN LIVE

nior High School who conceived the project and sponsors it.

It's not so terribly surprising that many of the young scholars who get involved in catapulting are of a decidedly philosophical nature, having spent much of their natural lives plumbing Pliny and translating Virgil's *Aeneid*. Ask them why they are chucking rocks across an open field instead of skipping stones across a lake and they are inclined to give one of those thoughtful Edmund Hillary looks and mumble something about "the vast, illimitable void." Then they'll rattle off a few Latin maxims for good measure. If they suspect they are dealing with a dullard—and they suspect this more often than a

reasonable man might expect—they will recite declensions until the cows come home.

Most of the machines entered in this year's competition were hybrids of modern technology and medieval craftsmanship. Sometimes they worked; often they did not. In evidence were the three basic types of catapults used by the Roman legions: twisted rope, bent wood and counterweight. Perennis II was typical in that it developed its thrust from a wooden firing arm anchored by an axle bound up in hundreds of lengths of tightly twisted rope. When the triggering mechanism was released, the arm was supposed to shoot forward and launch its payload far into the cloud-flecked sky. Despite the best intentions, however, when 14-year-old Mark Kline fired Perennis, the rock described a parabola *mauvais* and returned to earth some 36 inches from the point of departure. "Very embarrassing," said Kline, already immersed in modifications. "I suppose this is how Caesar started."

A counterweight device called Romulus showed a marked tendency to backfire—that is to say, its missiles went straight up in the air, then straight down again. This nearly resulted in a mutiny by the Romulus crew, and produced one of the most exciting moments of the day when one of its rocks came within inches of ventilating a parked Toyota.

The majority of the machines were constructed of plywood and gaulle in equal measure, and reflected the untu-

continued



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tored enthusiasm of free-thinking engineers. It would have been easy enough to pluck a rock from one of the smaller catapults and throw it twice the distance the machine could manage, but there was mercifully little of that.

Only one catapult, a counterweight called Zephyrus, approximated the Roman war machines we all know from history books and Classic Comics in size, accuracy and design. Counterweights derive their thrust from the force created by the falling weight (in this case, one ton) opposite the business end of the firing arm.

Zephyrus is the modern counterpart of the Roman trebuchet, one of the most devilishly effective of the siege engines. The trebuchet was capable of hurling great boulders over the walls of fortified cities, but even more important in those pre-Geneva Convention days was its ability to throw the carrion of diseased horses into the enemy compound. The resulting pestilence usually evicted a swift and terrible toll.

Zephyrus was built by Indianapolis' own Mary Hyde, her father David, and a crew of five other students. It is the largest catapult in existence, standing 61 feet tall, or roughly the equivalent of a four-story building, yet it is probably only half the size of the ancient catapults. In its sling it carries stones weighing anywhere from 10 to 100 pounds, and is capable of depositing them the length of $2\frac{1}{2}$ football fields downrange. Zephyrus takes two seconds to release its missile, and from that moment until the rock tumbles to earth some six seconds later it has the undivided attention of everyone within squashing distance. Most extraordinary of all is the eerie sound it produces, like the wind whistling through the eaves of a long-ago deserted house. This distinctive *whooshing* can be heard from a distance of several hundred yards, and has had a decided impact on the wine traffic through that part of town.

It takes at least half an hour to winch Zephyrus' firing arm into position before each shot, so the better part of the day was spent getting off two shots in each of the seven weight divisions: 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 75 and 100 pounds. The goal of catapulters for the past 10 years has been



MIGHTY ZEPHYRUS SENDS ITS PAYLOAD UP

to throw a 100-pound rock 100 yards, principally because 100 yards would have been outside bow-shot range. Such consideration for historical detail has made catapulting what it is today.

The Hydes spent an anxious Friday trying to prevent a repeat of the successive fiascos of the two previous years. The first time the machine was entered in the competition it had never been fully assembled or test-fired. When time came to set it off there was great grashing of teeth and wringing of hands, but no action. Last year everything was fine until the moment came to trigger Zephyrus, when again nothing happened. Long after most of the spectators had gone home, Mary decided to try burning the rope that held the firing arm down. That worked, but produced mediocre results.

In both instances the disasters had been caused by insufficient preparation, and Mary had decreed that this year there would be no mistakes. A brilliant student with a robust affection for all things mechanical, she has no truck with contem-

poraries who would squander their time crusing hamburger stands. Instead, she occasionally writes poetry to the catapult, resounding declarations of her undying love and devotion to "my beloved Zephyrus."

The Hydes are a deeply religious family, and Mary often frets about the un-Christian amounts of money Zephyrus has cost. Her father, whose dour expression and natural pessimism belie his vast enthusiasm for the project, sometimes wonders aloud whether their energies—not to mention affections—might be misdirected. "What good is it for a girl to know about cable clamps?" he asked the day before the competition. "There's not much future in catapult building."

Still, when the time came to load the 100-pound rock into Zephyrus' sling, the Hydes were two souls with but one thought. The arm was carefully secured in place, the angle of the firing pin adjusted, and the release mechanism inspected for any flaw that might wrench the boom from its fulcrum and scatter their dreams to the wind.

Zephyrus had warmed up with a casual 69.3-foot toss in the 10-pound division, hit its stride in the 20-pound class with a 720-foot throw, then 735 feet with a 30-pound stone, 748 with 40 pounds and 623 feet with 75 pounds. As the final adjustments were made for the 100-pound throw, Barcio—who was garbed in a Roman centurion's *lorica* and fringed suede calf boots—announced with fitting solemnity that history was about to be made.

When the firing mechanism was disengaged, the big gun groaned momentarily under the added weight, then gathered momentum swiftly into its upward arc. As the arm realized its fullest upright position, the sling opened with a sharp crack. The stone tumbled free and began its mournful ululation indicative of success as it headed hard and true for Canada. A staggering 565'6" away, it sliced a neat divot amid the elephant grass.

It was a special moment for Mary Hyde, who had established a new world record with every shot, but for a time last month, everyone who stood looking into a large hole in Indiana knew what it meant to own a piece of the rock. **END**

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TAR



13
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TAR



12
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Sporting strangely conservative threads, free agent Fullback John Riggins jets around the league trying to peddle his services for \$1.5 million

A traveling salesman last week added a few thousand more air miles to a selling trip that so far has taken him to four states and Washington, D.C. No doors were slammed in his face, nor did he suffer verbal insults. Indeed, buyers met him at each airport, picked up the tab for his first-class air fare and his hotel charges and later wined and dined him at the best restaurants in town. If it was difficult to tell just who was selling whom, however, there was no doubt that John Riggins now knows the territory.

Riggins is the 230-pound fullback who rushed for 1,005 yards last season while playing out his option with the New York Jets. More important than the team rushing record Riggins completed on Dec. 21, 1975, however, was the free-agent status he achieved on May 1, 1976. Along with the Rozelle Rule moratorium which apparently has ended mandatory player-draft choice compensation from a team signing an option player, it sent Riggins into the NFL's open market to sell Riggins, a valuable commodity for any franchise hoping to extend its business year into the Super Bowl.

Strangely, the Jets have not made a heavy sales pitch to Riggins. It has been the unstated policy of the Jets, specifically at contract time, to low rate Riggins' talent ever since he was the club's No. 1 draft choice out of Kansas in 1971. While some teams have questioned his dedication, feeling that he should have played harder, even though the Jets were going nowhere, it is reasonable to assume that Riggins could help power the right club into a championship season.

"The ideal back," he says, "can catch the football, block, run inside or out—and he doesn't make mistakes. On a scale of 10, I think I qualify up around a nine in all those categories. I don't think there's another back in the league who can say that."

If that sounds like so much hard-sell

hype, consider that Riggins, 26, ranked seventh in NFL rushing while playing behind a line whose primary emphasis was pass blocking for Quarterback Joe Namath; and that he caught 30 passes for 363 yards, scored nine touchdowns and made the Pro Bowl team. Riggins also runs the 40 in 4.7 seconds.

Armed with these selling points, Riggins has departed the comforts of his Lawrence, Kans. home and the chores of his 160-acre farm in nearby Centralia (pop. 500) to visit five potential employers: the Rams, Saints, Oilers, Redskins and Vikings. As a courtesy he has promised the Jets that they will have the last sales shot sometime this week, but he expects to return to Shea Stadium next season only as a visitor.

"The Jets have deteriorated over the last three years," he says. "It's like being with an outfit expected to go bankrupt. If you got any smarts, you ought to get out of the damn thing."

For those who remember Riggins only as the iconoclast who sported a Mohawk haircut three years ago, the sight of Riggins the traveling salesman is startling. Neatly groomed and nattily attired in a three-piece suit, he has made his football rounds looking like a suburban banker. From a monetary angle, the new look makes sense.

"If you're asking for a million dollars," he says, adjusting his horn-rims, "you've got to look like a million dollars. I want these people to know I'm a solid citizen type, not the flake some people say I am." Riggins apparently has succeeded beyond his wildest hope.

At dinner last week with George Allen and other Redskins personnel, Riggins was mistaken for his lawyer. "I don't think the guy meant it as a compliment," he says, "but that was the nicest thing anyone ever said about me."

Riggins' session with the Redskins was a perfect example of the aum that has

surrounded his job-hunting treks, which might be described as Classified Top Secret Red Carpet. On the same day Riggins arrived at Washington National Airport the *Washington Post* quoted Allen as saying, "We haven't been in contact with Riggins, and we haven't brought him in. I haven't talked to him and wouldn't know him if he were right here. He has started a bidding war, and we might not be in the running."

Riggins, however, insists he has not played one team against another in his financial discussions. As the best free agent available among the two dozen still looking for work (others include Philadelphia Quarterback Roman Gabriel, Los Angeles Defensive Lineman Fred Dryer, Minnesota Running Back Ed Marinaro and New York Giants Back Ron Johnson) Riggins has put his price tag at \$1.5 million for five years, payable at \$100,000 a year until 1990.

Riggins also is well aware that the NFL apparently has gone bullish on fullbacks bred in farm country. Larry Csonka, an Ohio farmer, reportedly extracted \$1.5 million from the Giants when he signed a four-year contract with them six weeks ago. Other free-agent signees also have received top dollars: Wide Receiver John Gilliam signed with Atlanta for a reported

continued



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PRO FOOTBALL continued

ed \$300,000 over three years; Tight End Jean Fugett earned a six-figure contract from Washington; and Wide Receiver Ahmad Rashad signed a series of reported \$75,000 contracts with Seattle.

"I'll probably end up settling for considerably less than Csonka got," Riggins said in a soft-sell appraisal during his flight from Washington to Minneapolis. "I don't know what 'considerably less' will be, but I don't think football can afford to start raising player salaries for free agents because then the other players will become dissatisfied. If some team decides to pay me a tremendous amount of money, people who have played for that team will probably feel the same way I did with the Jets—and I can appreciate those feelings. At the same time, it's an open market, and I guess you should try to grab all the gusto you can—along with a few dollar signs."

Riggins maintains his disillusionment with the Jets is not something new. "For two years I played the game without a heart," he says. The direct cause of Riggins' dejection was tightfisted Weeb Ewbank, the former coach and general manager of the Jets, whose largess apparently extended only to Namath's six-figure salary. Namath, incidentally, will play again this season for \$450,000, the amount he earned last year when he ranked 27th among NFL quarterbacks and "led" the league with 28 interceptions. Riggins played for \$67,500, which represented a 10% cut from his 1974 salary because he was exercising his option.

"I remember when I first came up," Riggins says, "Weeb told me he didn't want to pay for a pig in a poke. And I understood that. I hadn't proved anything to him as far as professional football was concerned. But I was earnest, and I tried and I produced. Eventually I proved to myself that I can play this game. Once I accomplished that, I thought, 'Well, all things being equal, I'm just as important to this offense as Joe is.'"

Riggins began thinking along those lines after the 1972 season, his second. Despite being sidelined for two games, he rushed for 944 yards on 207 carries, scored eight touchdowns and caught 21 passes for 230 yards. "But after I'd proved myself," Riggins says, "Weeb came back with the hard business stuff and wouldn't acknowledge any of my accomplishments. When it came time to sign the contract, he had the audacity to tell me, 'Well, you didn't get your 1,000

continued

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PRO FOOTBALL *continued*

yards.' That really destroyed my attitude. I grew up then and realized that professional football is a business."

In sports banquet talks Riggins tries to impart this business attitude to youngsters. "The thing I try to get across," he says, "is that if you want to be a professional player, that's fine, but it's not the way you think it is when you are a kid. It isn't the Great American Dream. It's business, and you deal with business people when you talk money."

"That turned me off on the game. My whole problem wasn't with football but the people who were managing it. I wasn't smart enough at that point to realize it. I reacted in a poor way, and for that I owe the game an apology because I certainly wasn't the most dedicated player for the two years [1973-74] after Webb and I had our conflict."

In contrast Riggins had a dynamic season in 1975, and now he has revitalized his career. Not only does he have the opportunity to sign with a Super Bowl contender, something the Jets most assuredly are not, but he also can join a club that will accent rushing, not the Namath-style pass. Indeed, Riggins should help form a power tandem backfield wherever he goes: Riggins and Lawrence McCutcheon in Los Angeles, Riggins and rookie Chuck Muncie at New Orleans, Riggins and Ronnie Coleman in Houston, Riggins and recently signed free agent Calvin Hill in Washington, or Riggins and Chuck Foreman with Minnesota.

"Being a free agent is all right," Riggins says, "but it isn't all that it's cracked up to be in the sense that there are only so many contenders you can go to. It reminds me of the times I've gone quail hunting. Sometimes a covey of quail will go up, and you end up shooting and never getting anything because it's too hard to pick one bird out and shoot at it. That's kind of the situation I'm in right now. There are maybe three or four contenders for my services, and I'm a little dazzled by it all. I don't know exactly where I want to go for sure. But like anything else, you've got to make that decision and not look back. After I visit New York, I should be able to make my decision in a week. It shouldn't take that long, but you've got to make it look like you're giving it some serious thought."

Riggins paused to reflect on his situation. "I used to be intimidated," he said. "Now I do the intimidating."

It comes with the sales territory. **END**



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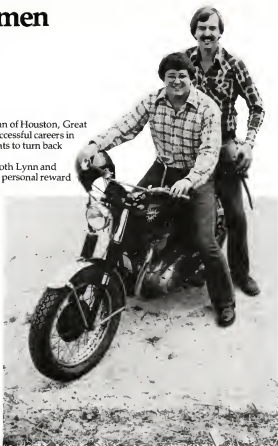
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Big Red sticks it to the Terps

Cornell came from far behind to win a thriller of an NCAA final

On the eve of Saturday's NCAA lacrosse championship at Brown University, Cliff Stevenson, the host school's lacrosse coach, sat in the stands in Brown Stadium watching the undefeated finalists—Maryland and Cornell, work out. Less than two weeks before, Stevenson's squad had played them back to back. "This could be the greatest lacrosse game of all time," he said. "I've been coaching 26 years and these are the two best teams I've ever seen."

Stevenson was right on the button. For dramatics this year's championship was unsurpassed. Before a noisy crowd of 11,954 the game boiled to a 12-12 tie and went into overtime, with Cornell playing under protest. The disputed play had allowed Maryland to draw even with only one second remaining in regulation time, but ultimately the protest was academic. Outhustling and outchecking the Terps, Cornell pulled away to a 16-13 win, adding a second NCAA crown to the one it had captured in the tournament's first year.

The tournament was started in 1971 to help promote the game, and over the years it has produced enough upsets, controversies, records and, yes, money to make it a success. This year, for the first time, the tournament drew national TV exposure. ABC's *Wide World of Sports* was there in Providence, proof positive

for aficionados, who can be a little tiresome on the subject of the growth of lacrosse. In truth, the sport's stature was better summed up by a short conversation that took place between two ABC technicians immediately after they had been briefed on some fundamentals of the game—four quarters, goals count one point, play starts with something called a faceoff, which takes place at midfield.

"Is this the first time lacrosse has been on national television?" asked one.

"Yep," answered the second. "We could make or break the sport." If lacrosse fails to survive ABC's treatment of it, it can at least claim to have existed on a glorious note. This was the first time in tournament history that the championship game matched undefeated teams.

More important, the finalists had reached their appointment with destiny, or at least with the American Broadcasting Company, by trampling all over their tournament opponents. Maryland had scored in the first 14 seconds of its opener with Brown and built up a 9-0 lead on the way to an easy 17-8 win. But almost before the Terrapins could finish flexing their muscles, word arrived from Cornell that the Big Red had demolished its opening-round foe, Washington and Lee, 14-0. In lacrosse, shutouts occur about as often as visitations from ABC.

Maryland went right back to work

proving that it deserved to be the No. 1 seed by rolling up an 11-1 lead over fourth-ranked Navy and then coasting to a 22-11 win. The 22 goals were a tournament record. Then news came from Cornell that the Big Red had built up its own 11-1 lead, over third-ranked Johns Hopkins, before winning 13-5.

Nor had the regular season offered much of a challenge for either team. Cornell's average margin of victory was 11 goals, Maryland's was nine. True, the Terps had been taken into overtime by Atlantic Coast Conference opponents North Carolina and Virginia, but in those overtime periods Maryland had

continued



MARYLAND COULDN'T CONTAIN CORNELL ATTACKMAN FRENCH. RESULT: A TOURNAMENT RECORD TYING SEVEN GOALS

outshot them 26-0. Against Virginia, the Terrapins poured in nine goals in less than five minutes.

Maryland was so explosive offensively this year that 37 times it scored within 25 seconds after a faceoff. Cornell players referred to the Terrapins' extra-man offense as the "Guns of Navarone." The Terps' coach, Bud Beardmore, was a high-scoring midfielder at Maryland and he had built his offense there around a midfield starring a cast of thousands. In lacrosse, midfielders play for short periods of time and frequently change on the fly the way lines do in ice hockey. Depth is crucial, and Maryland was so well manned that Roger Tuck, a Terrapin All-America midfielder, was serious when he said, "A really big part of our game plan is simply to run the opposing midfield into the ground."

So deep was Maryland, in fact, that although it was the highest scoring team in the nation, none of its players finished in the top 12 in goals, assists or points. In all, 25 different Terps scored this season, 16 of them midfielders.

Despite incessant talk about the quality of Maryland's depth, no one lumped Frank Urso with the rest of the midfield. Last Saturday was Urso's final game, and he is likely to be remembered as the best collegiate player ever. In his career at Maryland he led the Terps to the NCAA finals in all four years and made first-team All-American every season. His overtime goal won the 1973 NCAA title for Maryland, and his record-tying five goals in last year's championship game gave the Terps their second NCAA title. As a sophomore he was named Midfielder of the Year. As a junior he was named Player of the Year. As a senior he was so good no one could think of a description worthy of the man.

Urso has been the most heavily honored athlete at Maryland, but the stature of lacrosse being what it is he finds that his has not exactly become a famous name, even in College Park. When the university gave him a silver bowl last year to commemorate his selection as an All-American, "lacrosse" was spelled on the inscription without an "e."

Urso had hoped to make a living wielding a stick by playing professionally in the indoor version of the game, box lacrosse, but that dream died on Friday, the 13th of February, when the National Lacrosse League folded. When Urso was asked recently whether, if he had to

do it all over again, he would reconsider football, a sport in which he was heavily recruited, he answered, "Definitely."

Like Beardmore, Cornell Coach Richie Moran played midfield at Maryland, but whereas Beardmore set a school scoring record for midfielders (since broken by Urso), Moran was more defense oriented. "I was like a caddy," he says. "If the ball was on the ground, it was my job to get it."

Accordingly, Moran's Cornell midfield, which came closer to matching Maryland's depth than that of any other team, emphasized defense. "Richie won't play a midfielder unless he's sound defensively," said Billy Marino, Cornell's best middle.

The Cornell offense was also solid. This year the Big Red may well have had the best attack unit ever to play the game. Senior Mike French is now lacrosse's all-time leading scorer. In his career he totaled 191 goals and 296 points and topped the nation in those categories for three consecutive years. Junior Eamon McEneaney complemented French perfectly. A superb feeder, McEneaney fed the country in assists during the past two years, and the third member of the group, a scholarly, bespectacled dentist-to-be named Jon Levine, popped up every time an opponent cut off the other two. In the semifinals against Hopkins, Levine scored five goals.

Both coaches insisted that for the championship game they would stick to what they had been doing all season. But Moran had a few wrinkles devised to neutralize Maryland's offensive midfield power. "Their middies haven't had to play much defense," he said. "We're going to control the ball and make them do it. Every five minutes Urso and the others are on the field they're going to have to play two or three minutes of defense. That should cut down their effectiveness offensively. And every time they shoot we're going to be busting one or two of our guys. That should keep their middies backing up and maybe take them out of their shooting range."

Cornell's deliberate play held the Terps in check until early in the second quarter. With the Big Red leading 2-1 on the strength of two French goals, the Terrapins exploded. Within five minutes, six different Terps scored to open a 7-2 lead. At the end of that blitz the public-address system asked spectators to get off the field, causing one observer to remark,

"Those aren't spectators. That's the Cornell lacrosse team."

The half ended 7-2. The score might have been even more one-sided but the Terps' extra-man offense, those "Guns of Navarone," failed to score in six man-up situations. Cornell was able to contain Maryland's offense in the third period and slowly began to chip away at the score. The Terrapins simply couldn't control French, who added three more goals and three more assists as the Big Red rolled to tie at 10-10. Then, with a tricky pass behind his head that brought the crowd to its feet, French hit Levine for a quick goal and Cornell had the lead. French scored unassisted less than a minute later to give the Big Red a 12-10 edge with less than seven minutes to play.

Now it was Urso's turn. He scored Maryland's first extra-man goal with three minutes remaining to cut the lead to one. With just 15 seconds left, Urso got the ball again and began one of his typical dashes down the middle. A flag flew, Urso shot. Cornell Goalie Dan Mackesey knocked the ball away from the goal and play stopped with six seconds remaining. Five minutes of confusion followed, and when the officials gave the ball to Urso again to start play near midfield, Moran blew up and put the game under protest. Once again Urso charged, only this time when the Cornell defense collapsed around him, he passed crisply to Greg Rumpf, who scored to send the game into overtime.

In lacrosse, overtime consists of two mandatory four-minute periods followed by sudden death if necessary. It wasn't. The deciding goal came with nine seconds left in the first overtime. Marino brought the ball into play from the side, dodged past Maryland Midfielder Jim Burnett and fired the ball home.

After Levine scored for a 15-13 lead, Urso tried one last dash. He was met at midfield by Cornell's attackmen, Levine, French and McEneaney, who simultaneously belted him to the ground, where he stayed. McEneaney flipped the ball to French, who put in his seventh goal of the game to tie a tournament record.

An on-the-field awards ceremony followed the game. Moran had spent the week trying to keep himself under control, or "down on the farm," as he says, but now his Irish got the better of him. Seizing the microphone, he raised a single finger in the air and shouted, "Cornell, baby, we're No. 1." **END**

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Chop off the old block

Goaded by his father, a professor with a passion for martial arts, Freddie Simons has earned his black belt at the remarkably early age of eight

The route to and from grade school is a young man's first proving ground. The path often is strewn with Blue Meanies, and how a boy negotiates it can affect his whole life. Nowadays inner-city kids have to deal with street gangs that shake them down for their lunch money. The suburbs are less perilous, but still the class bully may jump out from behind a Good Humor truck and try to rearrange Junior's new braces. Worst of all, there is little parents can do to help.

Nonetheless, Freddie Simons' mother and father are trying. Never mind that their Orlando (Fla.) neighborhood has a crime rate roughly equivalent to that of Disney World. The Simons insist on driving their third-grader to Ridgewood Elementary every morning and picking him up each afternoon, even though the school is only four blocks from the Si-

mons' house. The chauffeur service has caused Freddie to undergo more than his share of razzing, but it has accomplished his parents' goal of keeping him out of scrapes with bigger schoolmates like the one known as "The Fonz" (Freddie's teacher says there is at least one kid with that nickname in every grade school in America these days).

Here the plot thickens, for the Simons' intent is not to protect Freddie from Fonzie but to save Fonzie from Freddie. Freddie holds a black belt in karate at the ripe old age of eight, making him one of the two or three youngest martial-arts experts in the country.

There are a handful of 7-, 8- and 9-year-old black belts scattered across the U.S., including 3'1", 48-pound Timmy Miller of Atlanta who is nine. A goodly number of other youngsters hold "ju-

nior" black belts, which can be distinguished by the white stripe running through the black. Some conservative groups in the highly fragmented world of karate refuse to give black belts of any kind to pre-teens.

Although Freddie is a friendly kid with white-blond hair, a devout Baptist background and an angelic smile, he is obviously no mama's boy. His father is a black belt, his 16-year-old sister is a brown belt and they have made sure Freddie can defend himself. The only reason he is chauffeured about is that his family does not want him fighting his way home every day. Eight is a little young to get into the Gunslinger syndrome. But, beware, Freddie has been breaking boards with his feet since first grade.

"Karate or no karate, he is still just a little boy," says Kathy Simons, who is aware of her 4'3", 58-pound son's limitations because of her own participation in the sport, which ended a year and a half ago when she developed arthritis. "All the kids are understandably curious to see what he can do. I can tell you he's not going to wipe out the whole school. He's not yet strong enough to hurt anybody a whole lot bigger than he is, but some of his sister's high school friends ask her if they can fight him. Even the football players. Can you imagine?"

"On the other hand, since he has been trained in karate, the mothers in the neighborhood expect him to back off whenever someone his own size gives him a bad time. That's a lot to ask from a little boy, but he is pretty good about it. He's never used karate on anyone that I can recall. Of course, he might ram them with his bike, if they pushed him far enough. And he gets into mischief, too, like coming home with his hair filled with dirt. Freddie's all boy."

That he is, but an 8-year-old determined and talented enough to earn a black belt has to have some unusual traits, too. Most children Freddie's age have trouble doing a diving forward roll in gym class, let alone handling the very demanding first-degree karate requirements, which Freddie satisfied in only three years of work. As a rule, 8-year-olds do not possess that kind of dedication. Their attention spans are best measured in minutes, not years, and their combative impulses tend to peter out after a bit of pushing and shoving.

In most respects, Freddie is not dramatically different from his peers. He has

continued



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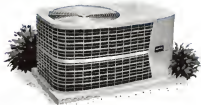
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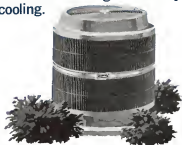
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a new goldfish, owns a set of Matchbox cars and still sleeps in the same room with his big sister Donna. Not surprisingly, his least favorite aspect of karate is the sparring one must do to improve strength and technique. He endures the fighting part at his father's urging, though he much prefers the dancelike maneuvers called katas, which may include as many as 27 movements in a single series. Obviously, he lacks the force of an adult, but his execution is letter perfect. For example, his punching arm is not exceptionally powerful for his age, but his motion and position are correct. Watching him perform is like looking at Bruce Lee through a View-Master.

To understand how Freddie earned his belt requires a look at his relationship with his father, who has raised him on the notion of nothing-but-the-best-will-do-from-you, Son. The elder Simons works Freddie so hard that when Mrs. Simons comes in to cover up her son at night, she sometimes finds him doing push-ups in his sleep. But Freddie does not seem to mind the long hours of practice, and he shows no resentment toward his father. His accomplishment seems to be a natural by-product of an extensive amount of effort—like the tennis trophies won by those other Florida prodigies, the Everts, in Fort Lauderdale.

Both families are headed by a father who used to excel at his sport, who got reinvented in it by teaching it to his children and who now operates a public facility where they train under his supervision. Dr. Fred Simons makes his living as an engineering professor at Florida Tech University, but his passion is karate.

He earned his brown belt in 1965, then more or less gave up the sport. In 1972 he decided to train seriously again, because karate was something he could do with his family. He remembers telling his supervisor, "I'm spending 60-to-80 hours a week teaching and consulting. Get me a schedule where I can see my wife and kids at least three times—in church on Sunday and in karate class Monday and Wednesday nights." He recently bought a 30'x30' store and turned it into the Orlando dojo for Yoshukai-style karate.

Though Dr. Simons had a big head start, Freddie took to karate so fast that father and son won their black belts on the same day last February in Daytona. That was fortunate for two reasons. First, it preserved the father's well-devel-

oped ego. "Psychologically it would be a mistake to send a son up before his father," says the Simons' instructor, Mike Foster. Second, the adherents of Yoshukai karate are concerned about the level of expertise of those teaching their style. They would have frowned on a 37-year-old brown belt presiding over a dojo with a black belt, no matter how young, in the class.

A similar problem cropped up a few weeks later on the golf course when Freddie, a fine all-round athlete like his dad, holed out with a nine-iron from behind a sand trap. "I was so proud of him that I sank my own putt from off the green," says the father. Another ego crisis averted.

Members of the press who interview Freddie never know whether they will encounter a Dr. Jekyll, who can discuss karate in detail for hours, or a Mr. Hyde, who wants to talk about anything but karate. The following response was elicited from Hyde on a recent afternoon:

"What do I like best about karate? Oh, the katas, I guess . . . See that telephone wire over there? One day I took my slingshot and WHAM! . . . That tree is just super for climbing. . . . Do you know my girl friend lives right down the street? . . . Ridgewood is gonna have a real great soccer team next year, and I want to play Little League baseball this summer. . . ." And so on until Freddie had done impressions of his guidance counselor, sound effects of his latest bicycle crackup, read every one of his visitor's notes and asked when he could have his picture taken.

"What do you think I should do with Freddie?" asks his father. "I'm thinking about getting him an agent, so maybe we can get him on the Johnny Carson show. I don't want to push him too much, but I'm so proud of him and I want to see him get all he can out of karate. Mr. Foster says if he keeps on the way he's been going that nobody'll be able to touch him by the time he's 12. I keep saying that all he lacks is the killer instinct."

Mrs. Simons is not sure "the killer instinct" is something she wants her son to acquire. "He's got a lot of courage, and I think he's tough enough for his age," she says. "About the only thing he's afraid of in the world is the Space Mountain roller coaster over at Disney World. When his cousins came to visit and heard that Freddie was frightened by it, they knew it had to be bad." **END**

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BY CLIVE GAMMON



CONTINUED

In Anne's Bar the man down from Belfast was close to tears. "Could anybody tell me," he asked passionately, "how it's possible to lose a gold Rolls-Royce in a bloody town as small as this? Where's me lovely Rolls gone?"

"Isn't real gold at all," said Patsy Browne out of the corner of his mouth. "'Tis one of them fancy finishes. His brother went off in it a couple hours ago with that black-haired girl from the bank. Don't say a word."

Browne, a small wizened man in a cloth cap, 68 years old and very much the senior bookie at the National Coursing Meeting at Clonmel, Ireland, sat back to enjoy the crisis. But the lament of the Rolls owner was cut short by a loud cry from the corner. "Ye're all the best men!" yelled a wild-eyed sportsman, rising to his feet, then slowly keeling over like a shot stag. Willing hands caught him before he hit the floor and laid him out respectfully.

"Too much rum and black currant," Patsy clucked reprovingly. "The man is in bad order. But he's me first cousin, and we can't leave him here. Though nobody'd pick his pocket, not in Anne's." As we lugged Patsy's cousin out into the frosty night, a frightening sobriety overcame a man in the corner of the bar. "I'm goin' to tell you somethin'," he said to the company in general. "I'm terrified of the mornin'."

It was Wednesday night, the final night of the meeting. For three days, on the racetrack at Powerstown Park in Clonmel, we had watched the fastest greyhounds in Ireland course horses, a sport that is a combination of hunting and racing. Each night winners and losers had been honored in the pubs with a fervor that made you think *The Irish Times* had announced that the solar system was scheduled to become a supernova before the end of the week. And now a vision of passionless, boring, hungover normality had assailed the man in the corner. Acting fast, he ordered another whiskey.

But there was still some time before the cold dawn. Sharply polished stars glittered over the little Tipperary town as our cortege, bearing Patsy's cousin, weaved out into the night to where Patsy's youngest son sat patiently reading in a parked car, awaiting, as he had done all evening, such a contingency as this. On the air hung an aroma typical of small country towns in Ireland, a coming together of beer fumes, cow dung, smoldering turf and the smell of bowing water, in this case the swollen River Suir, now shouldering its way so violently under the town bridge that the old stone

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

By means of his red and white handkerchiefs, the gent at upper left judges the coursing, while the gent in the middle, Patsy Browne, makes back on it. At lower left, Gypnot, winner of the Oaks, the event for bitches, enjoys a hug, while Quarrymount Riki (middle, far right), victor in the Derby, strains at his lead, seemingly anxious to put on the slipper's collar again.





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GERRAWAY columnist

butresses looked as if they would never last the night. The roar of the *Suir* itself couldn't match the pulsing uproar to which every pub in town was contributing: Anne's, the Clonmel Arms, the Greyhound Inn, the Minella and the close on 100 other establishments that capably cater to the inhabitants of Clonmel in normal times, but which are under deep stress at the National Coursing Meeting.

It is a riotous, bacchic festival of racing, hunting, boozing and betting that has been run at Clonmel since 1925, but which in essence goes back to man's earliest roots. In a cave at Gabillou, France, there is a Paleolithic drawing that was perhaps meant as a magical aid for hunters of the hare, and if any of the hard-betting men who assemble at Clonmel each year knew about it, it would be odds-on that they would charter a flight from Shannon for a quick rub of it before the meet.

In its modern form, coursing is a fierce, sophisticated game that is currently under attack in Ireland by opponents of blood sports (in Britain it is close to being outlawed altogether). Heavy money is involved—a single bet of £20,000 on an individual course between two dogs is not unknown—and there is more than a degree of skulduggery. The scene can be very wild, even hysterical, but somewhere at the bottom of it is the national love of the chase, of the greyhound, even of the hare. It is not an aristocratic sport like horse racing, but a rural one, dating back in Ireland to the time when every small farmer had a hunting dog. Once the heavy work on the land eased in the late fall, he would be over the moorland, hunting the hare. The season still adheres to the farming pattern—from the start of October to St. Patrick's Day.

"It is a gallant sport," wrote George Turberville, an Englishman, in 1575, "to see how the hare will turn and wind to save hyrselfe out of the dogges mouth. So that sometimes even when you thinke that your greyhounds doth gape to take hyr, she saveth hyrselfe by turning, wrenching and winding until she reach some covert and to save hyr life. . ."

At the national meeting, before the "park," or formal course, starts, it is customary to have a day's traditional, "open" coursing in the countryside near the town. And in essentials open cours-

continued

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ing has changed little since Turberville's day, except that old George's meers probably didn't include a pipe-opening session at the pub before the start.

"Ye'll want to be there half nine or 10," Patsy said when we half started up a conversation Saturday evening. "I won't be there myself because I'll be doing me mathematics and, uh, snooping about a bit." Right enough, the printed race card declared, "First brace in slips at 10 a.m. sharp."

At 11 a.m. the word in the Half-Way House bar, four miles out of town, was that they would be starting "any minute now, in about half an hour." The frosty morning was the trouble. On the hard ground a greyhound could break a toe. And naturally a man could die of thirst through overzealous rushing out into the chilled fields without proper refreshment. Did this long delay indicate a cancellation, a steward was asked. "'Tis on till 'tis off," he replied mysteriously. But "'twas on," all right.

Suddenly, with no obvious word spoken, dozens of kids waving sticks had come charging from the hedges and were cramming themselves into two antique farm trucks, which proceeded to clatter off along a rutted lane, threatening to shed most of the whooping cargo any second. They were the beaters. "Yer last chance!" yelled a bookie from his stand, but the crowd spilling out of the Half-Way House took no notice. They were racing for their cars in a kind of crazy Celtic Le Mans start, except that at Le Mans the field is not normally held up by a family of tinkers in a donkey cart jamming the way. The Tipperary air turned blue with exhaust fumes and profanity, but one by one, slithering on the muddy verges, the cars got by, then roared up a steep and winding road.

The beaters had headed away to the other side of the hill. We could hear them hallooing as we left the cars and scrambled down a little overgrown lane onto a field that sloped down from woodland. In the old days the dogs themselves raised the hares, but on this occasion the quarry would be flushed by the beaters while the greyhounds were held in readiness, a pair at a time. Stationed around the perimeter of the field were men with white rags on poles to turn the hare back if it was going for a gap in the hedgerows and undergrowth, and, astride a white horse,

sat the judge, a heavy man, magnificent in hunting pink and white breeches. For 10 minutes there was no sound but the yelping of the beaters and the whines of the greyhounds, then suddenly, high and hysterical, a boy's voice. "Gerraway! Gerraway! Gerrout there, ya'll daisy!" and jinking and bobbing out of the wood and into the field came the first russet-brown Irish hare.

A hare, not a rabbit. The distinction is made clearly in Ireland, but not always elsewhere. Brer Rabbit, in fact, was a hare: the original Frost illustrations to *Uncle Remus* show that. Hares have longer, more muscular hind legs. They are able to run faster and farther than a rabbit. They are also a good deal craftier. "The weariness of my heart on the hares and the young women," the old Irish saying has it. Both being impossible to figure out, both hard to capture.

By the time that this hare came bounding into the open ground, the first pair of greyhounds was howling at the restraint of the leash, half-dragging the slipper, the man who has to time their release perfectly. Then, as the hare crossed in front of them, the dogs were away, making ground, differentiated by the white and red collars they wore, the traditional colors for coursing dogs. They gained rapidly. The hare, at a rough average, travels at around 25 mph, a greyhound close on 40 mph. The equalizing factor lies in the superior maneuverability of the hare. It can make a turn so tight that there are well-attested instances of hounds that have broken their necks attempting to match its acute change of direction.

This was a good hare. The first time it turned, it sent red collar into a wild head-over-heels tumble and white collar skidding in the wrong direction. The hounds recovered fast, though, and the men guarding the hedge turned the hare back into them. There was a flurry of turns, and somebody said, "She has them now, the lil' daisy!" Five turns, it's reckoned, and the hare is as good as away. So it proved this time. Suddenly the hare found an unguarded gap, and was gone. The greyhounds, unable to follow it, ran up and down the hedge, howling until they were leashed again.

That they had failed to kill was not important. Already the judge was cantering up and down the line of spectators with

a red handkerchief held high to show that he had awarded the course to red collar. The contest is decided on points. Most go to the dog that is first up to the hare and turns it. Further points are awarded for the second turn, the third and so on, with fewer points being given on successive turns.

As the morning's sport continued not many hares were killed—one in 10 possibly. "If there'd been more bitches running," a man in a cloth cap said, "you'd have seen more kills. The aul' bitches are devils for killing hares. They run closer to the ground, they're more maneuverable. A dog will make a straightforward grab, but a bitch will get her nose under the hare, throw it up and kill it on the way down."

The day's open coursing, it became swiftly evident, was served up merely as an hors d'oeuvre, a concession to the rural origins of the sport. The big money was not involved and the heavy backers from Northern Ireland not present. They would begin gathering next day, when the meet moved to Powerstown Park, the horse racing track at Clonmel itself, where the park coursing took place. And that was somewhat different.

"All over our island, in all our counties, Cork, Kerry, everywhere, every bloody place, everybody wants to qualify for Clonmel, and they'd kill dogs to win," Patsy Browne had said. "'Tis just like Ireland. These people would give you their hearts, but they can be vain and difficult. There's this terrible will to have the best dog. Don't worry about that now, though. Come to me tomorrow, and I'll see that you'll win a lot of money, I'll promise you that."

Patsy was from a famous Kerry sporting family. "Do you know something?" one of the other bookies had said, "when they buried his aul' father they stuck a bunch of betting tickets in his left hand, a piece of chalk for writin' up the odds in the other and his aul' money bag by his side, and they poured plenty of whiskey over the coffin. Nearly everybody in Listowel was drunk. That would have been 1950. We couldn't afford it now with the price of drink so high. Yes, and ask him how his daughter got her name."

Patsy was a little indignant about the funeral story. It was much exaggerated, he said. "We only poured a half-bottle over him. We drank the bloody rest. It's

continued



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synonymous with the Brownes to have a
drink at the graveside. We just had a cou-
ple dozen bottles of Power's Irish and a
couple dozen Scotch and what do you
call them things? Lemon sodas." The tale
of his daughter's christening, though,
had followed him for better than 20
years, since a bitch called Amina won the
coursing Oaks at Clonmel.

"Well, this Amina won the bloody
Oaks, see? So I thought straightaway
Amina Browne was a good-sounding
name. After the meeting I met this priest,
a doctor of divinity he was, a big nice
priest, and I was drinking with him down
at Quinn's. 'Browne,' he said, 'what are
you going to call your daughter?'
'Wouldn't Amina be a great name?' I
said. 'Probably, Patsy,' he said, looking
a bit funny. 'Let's have a drink, now.'

"Anyhow, some time after that I asked
the man that owned the greyhound what
the meaning of the name was and, Lord
save us, he said it was some class of a He-
brew name. And when it was time for
my daughter to go away to school to the
convent in Killmallock, the Reverend
Mother wouldn't let her be called Ami-
na. She said it wasn't a proper name.
And she being a coursing man's daugh-
ter herself, name of Gregory?"

Amina was away working in England
now as a nurse, but through the meeting
Patsy was flanked by his four sons, even
Tom who had graduated as an engineer
from the National University in Dublin
last fall. "I've brought them all up as pro-
fessional gamblers," Patsy said proudly.
"I gave them five bob a night to work
for me Keepin' records. Clockin' dogs.
Tom was a class poker player in college,
but I had to pay a debt of £140 for him
once. After that, though, he laid £850
on a dog in Dublin at 5 to 1, so he was
able to pay me back." As he often did,
Patsy burst into one of his own poems:

*A student is a chancy man,
He bets in tenners when he can.
He enters a party with a bottle of stout
And consults whose drink is lying about.
He's not a tapper, he's not a bum,
But he knows the way these things are
done.*

"Call me a writer of rhymes," Patsy said
grandiloquently, "a drinker of whiskey
and a lover of life!"

It wasn't a lover of life you needed to
be at Clonmel, but a survivor. Even on

the Sunday night before the hard men
from the North like Tom MacClear,
Colin McGrath and Mack Mullen had
arrived, the evening pace was grueling
enough. At the Clonmel Arms the man-
ager had just taken delivery of two dozen
new armchairs. "A bit of an optimist,"
said the hall porter, who seemed some-
what indifferent, perhaps even hostile, to
the prospect of the next three days. "This
lot would eat anything that you put in
front of them," he said. "We change the
menu for the horse race meeting because
the horsemen is more particular. I got
an order once from Room 152 for break-
fast during one national a couple years
back. Cornflakes and bacon and eggs.
When I went inside, the man was on the
floor and the dog was in the bed, and be
damned if he didn't feed the whole of the
breakfast to it. That's the kind of people
these are."

These were also the kind of people who
couldn't wait until morning to get the
gambling under way. There was a poker
game in every pub, and for the less in-
tellectually inclined, a simpler game
called pitch-and-toss that is based on flip-
ping a coin. "It could have been worse,"
said a philosopher from the North, get-
ting to his feet after losing £600 on a sin-
gle flip. "I could have lost me leg." Money
flowed from the Northern Irish like
water down the flooded Suir. "Could you
blame them?" a doctor down from
Belfast said. "Nobody goes to the track
anymore up there. Or the movies even.
It's too much of a risk to be driving back
home after dark. The poor fellas come
down here," he said, against an uproar
of shouted odds and snatches of song,
"for a bit of peace and quiet."

On Monday morning there was no sign
of Patsy at the track, though his Nos. 1
and 2 sons were running the betting
stand, and without him to explain it, the
betting system looked formidably com-
plex. Up against the grandstand were
lined the orthodox bookies, specializing
in long odds and combination bets. One
hundred and thirty-six greyhounds were
entered for the two major events, the
Oaks for bitches and the Derby for dogs,
and they were going to be fighting it out
over three days through the eliminators,
with a brace of hounds coursing a hare
in each heat. Close to the rails, standing
on packing cases in a sea of mud, facing
one another in two long files were the

continued



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short-odds bookies and the serious punters. They were there to bet on single courses, and they sounded as if they wanted to start a revolution.

For a stranger it was impossible to make much of the angry, screaming cacophony which rose to an ear-splitting pitch as the dogs were about to be shipped, except to perceive the shortness of the odds, never better than 1 to 3, sometimes as savage as 1 to 10. Nothing was written down. The payoffs were in cash after every course. And it was easy for a stranger's presence to be misinterpreted. A bald aggressive-looking man yelled across to a youth in a fur hat, "Don't let the taxman see yer tank, MacManus!"

MacManus nervously stuffed away his tank, the thick wad of high-denomination notes that the character of the betting made necessary. He looked too young to be the celebrated James Patrick MacManus, but that's who he was,

a 24-year-old who started with hardly a cent when he was 17, betting on football matches. Reputedly he is now very wealthy. Certainly he owns much rich farmland in his native county of Limerick. At present, he said, he was buying money. "That's the only way to look at the short odds," he said. "You lay out £1,000 to win £100. I'm no judge of dogs, but I'm a good judge of odds. And there's times, like, when I get a good touch." A roar of laughter, even from the bookies: a successful professional bettor is rare enough, and they could indulge themselves. "I'll tell ya somethin', though," the bald-headed man said, "He's picked up £2,500 already this morning." And then there was no more time for talk, for two fresh dogs were on the slipper's leash, and the yelling out of the odds had begun once again.

The park coursing was as ritualistic as a bullfight. For a month, in a paddock away from the track, 130 hares had been

"in training," as Commandant Joe Fitzpatrick, secretary of the Irish Coursing Club, put it delicately. They had been captured with nets in the countryside—a good hare is worth about £7 to a farm worker—and every day since, they'd been driven out to the start of the coursing track and worked along the route they would travel in earnest during the meet. At one time hares would be used over and over again for as long as they survived, being shipped from one coursing meet to the next. Now the Irish Coursing Club pays the track companies a subsidy to release them in the wild after each meeting.

"On average we have around 25% casualties," Fitzpatrick said. "They have to do 500 yards against the best dogs in Ireland. I suppose we could slip dogs so late that no hares would be killed, but the crowds wouldn't come, not because they want the kills, but because there's no way to see greyhounds work other-

continued

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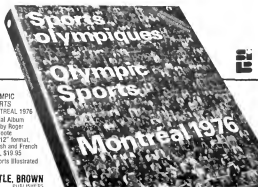
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GERRAWAY continued

wise. All the same, if there are too many casualties, I get a black mark from the couraging public."

The other man with a good chance of getting a black mark was the slipper, who has only a few seconds to judge the quality of the released hare as it speeds past him before he lets the hounds go. For 319 yards the track is smooth grass, but after that there are well-defined ridges; if the hare makes it to these undulations it has a good chance of getting away. The slipper times his release of the hounds so that they should be able to turn the hare fractionally short of the ridges. Not an easy task, and a poor slipper often resorts to a mark on the ground and releases the hounds as the hare passes it. But at Clonmel, resplendent in white breeches, Tom Murphy, a policeman from County Kerry, was held to be doing a great job without any such aids. He and Val O'Dwyer, the red-coated judge on the white horse, were the only men in the public eye, but there were other operators, too: the men in the shed where the boxed hares were kept, who made a lightning check on the condition of the quarry before it was released down a long wire-net tunnel, hooshed on by a boy yelling maniacally and, at the far end of the track, a long-haired youth who had the power to grant instant release into the countryside of a hare that proved so weak that the slipper did not release the dogs or was so bold and sporting in escaping the hounds that it got instant honorable discharge. "Ya know," the youth said confidentially, "I let an awful lot of them little fellas go. If I had me own way, I'd let the lot go. It's not me real work. I was in the meat-canning factory, but I was made redundant."

Meantime, as dogs were knocked out in the prelims and the odds on the survivors were shortening still further, there was still no sign of Patsy. "Sure he leaves the ordinary work to his boys these days," said his friend Terry Rogers. "But you're bound to meet him in one of the bars tonight."

That was all very well, but there were factors operating against a thorough comb-out of the Clonmel pubs, such as the continuing drama of the hunt for Reynolds' shoes being played out at the Clonmel Arms. "He only wears them when he leaves the hotel," said a hall porter. "He had to miss the courasing

continued

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GERRAWAY

today. He refuses to buy new ones because he lost £3,000 playing pitch-and-toss last night. He's been coming here 15 years, and he says he's a schoolteacher. I don't believe it." Or listening to Des Hanrahan, president of the Irish Greyhound Association, describe how he once met a blue rabbit in a field near Killarney, a story that was repeated each night with more and more corroborative detail. Or watching in awe as a gentleman from Belfast managed the extraordinary feat of falling to the ground while avoiding spilling a drop of the glass of lager he was holding at the time.

Indeed, it was not possible to track Patsy down until late on Tuesday. "Why didn't you come to see me?" he asked aggressively. There was no serious answer to be made. "Never mind, though," he went on graciously. "I'm goin' to do you a favor because you remind me of aul' Connolly that managed the bank down at Lestowel. He was the best man, the greatest man of all time. He owned all the Cloonagh dogs, and if you didn't raise dogs yourself, he wouldn't lend you any bloody money. He was goin' to be married to one of the Blennerhasset girls from Tralee, but one day he came back on the train and he said, 'The match is off.' She'd told him to cut out the dogs, see? He had a graveyard for dogs, everything for dogs. The bank inspectors came down one day, so he got his shotgun out and started firing at them. They never came back. All the great speed dogs he had. He had this fistfight one day with the high sheriff of Kerry. . . ."

It was a hard task to ease Patsy back to the point, but he got there in the end. "How far will you go?" he said. "Ten quid! All right. Have it with me on Pusher Heather for the Oaks, and I'll give the odds you could have had at the start of the meet—8 to 1." He wouldn't take the stake money. "Settle up later," he said.

It sounded a generous offer. Up to that point in the Oaks, Pusher Heather had won by five or six lengths in each of the three rounds, coming up behind the hare and turning it seconds before its rivals, and the best odds available now were 3 to 1.

On the Wednesday morning, the last morning, the odds were even shorter. In the quarterfinals Pusher Heather took her course easily again, heading Ringroe Handy by four lengths. "Hey, Patsy,

you're the best man!" was the only way to greet him that day.

"Aren't ye the lucky fella," he said, "that you had no money on Uistmore?" One of the dog's owners had discovered his heavily backed greyhound out cold in its kennel early that morning, and the breakfast tables throughout Cloonmel had been buzzing with theories of a bookies' plot.

"Is that right, somebody got at him, Patsy?"

"Not at all," said Patsy indignantly. "The poor animal must have just got, uh, overvitalized."

As Pusher Heather lined up with Drumma Fern in the semis of the Oaks, Patsy still looked the best man. The hare came bobbing down the track, there was a perfect slip and the two greyhounds went away very close. Patsy must have known something about Pusher Heather. Brain damage possibly. Halfway up the straight she decided to change sides, and cut behind Drumma Fern. Even then Pusher Heather nearly caught her. There was only half a length between them on the first and only turn, and then the hare went scudding away through a gap.

After that there wasn't the same incentive to watch Cygnet win the Oaks as in the final and Quartermount Riki come up from a length behind to take the Derby.

Patsy accepted the £10 without comment. "Ye're the best man," he said formally. "I'll see ye later in Annie's. Bring your drinkin' money."

And so it was that on the last night of Cloonmel we were on the spot to give assistance to Patsy's unfortunate cousin, after which, it seemed, the night might fittingly be said to be over. Not at all.

When we'd stowed away the rum and black currant addict, Patsy said, "Do you like to dance? No? Well, would you ever help me off with me overtrousers?" He had been wearing them since breakfast, and now they were shoved off to reveal rubber knee boots. "There now," he said, "that'll be a lot more comfortable for the discobothèque."

Straight anarchic sights are commonplace at Cloonmel during the National Coursing Meeting. Few of them compare, though, with that of a 68-year-old bookmaker in rubber boots twisting the night away to the music of the Glitter Band. But then, unmistakably, Patsy was the best man.

END

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As I See It

by FRANK DEFORD

TAKE PILEUPS OUT OF THE PRIMARIES—TURN THEM INTO POLITICAL FOOTBALL

There have been so many complaints this year that the presidential primary system has become too unwieldy and impractical that I suggest the politicians borrow from sports in determining the 1980 nominees.

First, the traditional powers in the primaries—New Hampshire, Wisconsin, California, etc.—should band together and form a primary conference known as, say, the Big 11. Then they should sell the TV rights for exclusive primary coverage. Obviously, perennially No. 1-rated CBS would make the highest bid for the package, although you can be sure that the Big 11 would hold out a couple of really attractive races as Monday Night Primaries for ABC.

Among other things, this system would provide steady jobs as color-persons for some lucky ex-political luminaries. I suggest Mel Laird and Lady Bird Johnson to team up in the Brent Musburger-Phyllis George roles on CBS, with Julian Bond playing the black ingenue, an obligatory network sportscasting role these days. For Monday Night Primaries, who better to trade polysyllabic japes with Howard Cosell than "Spanky" Spiro Agnew, with Sam Yorky waiting in the wings as a ratings dip.

At the candidates' primary-day headquarters there would be signs saying such things as: NORTH CAROLINA WELCOMES MEL AND LADY BIRD—WE TAREHEE VOTERS LOVE YA, CBS! The Goodyear blimp would be brought in to fly over key polling places, and during lulls in the returns, just as at football halftimes, the candidates would have marching bands to spell out their positions on issues. For example, George Wallace's Band would spell out STOP BUSING and play *On the Street Where You Live*; Jimmy Carter's Band would spell out MIDDLE OF THE ROAD and play *All the Things You Are (Are Mine)*; President Ford's Band would spell out MORE and play *Move*; Scoop Jackson's Band would spell out DETENTE and play *Let's Call the Whole Thing Off*. All voting would be in prime time or Sat-

urday afternoons. And there would be no more sticky stuff about campaign financing, because CBS and ABC would be paying for the campaigns. (Not to be outdone, NBC would buy Canada and get Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau to call for an election to be aired head to head against a potentially low-rated U.S. primary.)

The beautiful thing about this new system would be that the candidates would not all be thrown together in one big jumble, the way they were this year. Instead, beginning in the fall of 1979, there would be Top Ten polls for the 1980 candidates. The AP would get votes from newspaper columnists, the UPI from selected politicians. Candidates under indictment, like teams under NCAA suspension, could not be voted for in the polls. This would be called "the regular season," and interest would build—or mount, as they say. Every Tuesday there would be exciting headlines such as: HUMPHERY HOLDS TOP SPOT; UPSET ENDORSEMENT EDGES BENTEN INTO TOP TEN. Instead of bothering with complicated issues, campaign workers would simply shout, "We're No. 1! We're No. 1!" whenever TV cameras were around.

As the regular season neared a climax, the primary bids would go out. Everybody would be on pins and needles waiting to see whom New Hampshire, "the Granddaddy of the Primaries," would invite. Understand, there would be just two candidates to a race—none of this present Chinese fire-drill business. And just as in college football, there would be limitations on how many TV primaries a candidate could appear in. At the end of each race the network would give the winner a \$1,000 slush fund, presented in the name of the outstanding performer on his campaign team.

Of course, while two candidates would get all the attention for a week, giving them a fighting chance to compete for exposure against *Laverne and Shirley*, CBS would spend time promoting the next week's matchup. "We'll be back after this message with our exciting fourth-precinct returns," Laird would say. "But right now, Lady Bird, let's remind the vote fans watching at home that we'll be back next week with another real burn-burner in the tight Big 11 race."

"That's right, Mel. Next week our entire CBS primary crew will be in America's dairyland for the big Wisconsin Pri-

mary Bowl, where we'll be offering a real dang-dang battle between two high-scoring misverick candidates, Fred Harris and Eugene McCarthy."

"And you can throw out the polls when these two traditional rivals clash," Julian Bond would add.

"Right, Julie," Mel would say. "And don't forget, the winner goes on to the New Jersey Bowl—another CBS exclusive—on May 14, where his opponent will be the winner of the tough Scoop Jackson-Frank Church Maryland Primary Bowl."

One advantage of this arrangement would be that a candidate's Nielsen rating could be used to determine his public appeal. Let's suppose that Milton Shapp beats Sargent Shriver in the Oregon Primary Bowl. Shapp would be ecstatic, but suppose that Nielsen showed that the Shapp-Shriver race was whipped in the TV ratings by ABC's *Demolition Day-Sled Derby* and could not even match CBS' lead-in program, the *Challenge of the Sevens*, with plucky Indra Gandhi beating Uganda's President Idi Amin at swimming the English Channel.

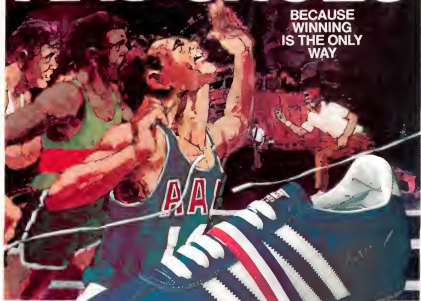
Obviously, the heat would be on Shapp. When he goes into the Texas Primary Bowl against Birch Bayh, he would not only have to win votes, but he also would have to show that he could get the right TV ratings. If he didn't, the network could cancel him. Thus, if Shapp beat Bayh but got slaughtered in the ratings by *Almost Anything Goes* and the Muhammad Ali-Teresa Brewer title fight from New Guinea, CBS would sign up Walter Mondale as a "wild card" to replace Shapp in the Indiana Primary Bowl against Morris Udall.

The national election would be held in October 1980 on a travel day during the World Series. The two nominees would be ensconced in the locker rooms at Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium and, just as the pivotal California results came in, Laird would head down to the winner's locker room, where Chief Justice Burger would present the presidential trophy. Pundemonium would reign. Shirley Chisholm, Wilbur Mills and Hiram Fong would pour champagne over the lucky winner's head. He would tell Mel it was a team effort. Then word would arrive that a new car has been awarded to Mayor Daley as the most valuable performer in the election for his part in helping to carry Illinois.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

MONTREAL'S CUP

Sir:

The Philadelphia Flyers won the Stanley Cup the past two years, yet there was no SI cover of them at the time of either championship victory. Montreal wins this year and, presto, you have a full-color cover of Larry Robinson making a Philadelphia player look bad (*Bar God Blessed the Canadiens*, May 24).

GEORGE M. OCHLAK

Philadelphia

Sir:

God didn't bless Montreal exclusively. Reggie Leach won the Conn Smythe trophy for being "the most valuable player for his team in the entire playoffs." You forgot to mention it.

KATHY MILLER

Barrington, N.J.

Sir:

Thanks for the Bobby Clarke cover and story earlier in the season (*Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Clarke*, Feb. 23), but then you couldn't leave violence out of that article, as though the Flyers invented violence in hockey. When the Canadiens use "intimidation" they are "God blessed." Very interesting.

VIRGINIA CRANMER

West Deptford, N.J.

Sir:

Sure, the Canadiens were the better team. They were near perfect, and they deserved all the attention they got for the way they played and destroyed the Flyers.

My objections lie in the totally one-sided story written by J. D. Reed. After all, the Flyers were the two-time defending champions, and they still rank as the second-best team in hockey. I think they deserve credit for that.

But there's more. With all the talk of violence in hockey, although devout hockey fans know it's nothing like it used to be, why did J. D. Reed repeatedly point out how the Flyers were banged around and outmuscled? Why couldn't he write about the superb hockey played by Montreal?

And one last thing. How many fans of the other NHL teams would give the visitors a standing ovation, as Philadelphia fans did, after being defeated in four straight games for the championship? To my way of thinking, that is as much a part of the sport as the game itself.

STEVEN R. GORDON

Bristol, Pa.

Sir:

This year's Stanley Cup finals were the finest display of honest, competitive hockey that I have seen in a long time. However, in my opinion the Philadelphia Flyers will always be the true champions of this game, mainly because it was through the Flyers' "patented" hard-checking style of play that the Canadiens won the series.

Many teams are now revamping their defensive styles of play to match that of the Flyers, and they are finding (through winning) that it is the only way to play. The Flyers have been the target of both the media and hockey fans for being "bullies," but it is clear that if it had been the old, passive Canadiens in the finals, the cup would still be in Philly.

JIM GENTNER

Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

Sir:

Thanks to J. D. Reed for his praise of Larry Robinson. Robinson was ever-present throughout the playoffs, yet game after game his performance seemed to be passed off as a fluke. Perhaps the all-round team play of the Canadiens is the reason for Robinson's being overlooked, and it may also explain why the Flyers' Reggie Leach was given the MVP nod.

MICHAEL BARR

Farmingdale, N.Y.

JOHN LIVELY UP

Sir:

In his article on the Preakness (*Then He Spoke for Himself*, May 24) William Leggett leaves the reader with the impression that Elocutionist was ridden by owner Gene Cashman by remote control. The unnamed jockey was John Lively, the leading rider at an Omaha track that is backward only in its name: Ak-Sar-Ben.

DAN CATTAN

Omaha

Sir:

Arkansas racing fans were well aware of the potential of Elocutionist, winner of the Arkansas Derby, and his victory in the Preakness verified our faith in him. Also, John Lively has ridden for many years at Arkansas' Oaklawn Park, and though his name is not as well known throughout the country as that of Braulio Baeza or Angel Cordero, he is a professional jockey in every respect.

GEORGE EAGLE

Pine Bluff, Ark.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOWS

Sir:

That was a super article on the Phoenix Suns by Curry Kirkpatrick (*Have the Suns Risen in the West?* Yes, May 24). We here in this great city are on Cloud Nine. We've witnessed a perfect example of what a little patience, a few good front-office moves and unselfishness will do.

J. D. UHLAND

Phoenix

Sir:

I disagree with the picture that Curry Kirkpatrick painted of Rick Barry in his article on the NBA playoffs. Last year the Warriors won the NBA championship and Barry could do no wrong. This year Golden State is knocked out of the playoffs by a young Phoenix team and Barry is portrayed as a man who is mainly concerned about his outside endorsements.

True, another 8.8 points by Barry would have won the series for the Warriors, but basketball is a team game and Barry alone should not be condemned for the entire team's loss.

STEVEN FORD

Omaha

THE FREE-THROW RECORD

Sir:

I am a avid reader of SCORECARD. The other day I was flipping through your Dec. 22-29 issue and noted in SCORECARD that Hal Cohen had set a record for consecutive free throws. This befuddled me because I thought I remembered someone else having done better than Cohen's 598. Sure enough, in your Nov. 4, 1974 "They Said It" you said that Ted St. Martin had set a world record by sinking 927 consecutive free throws.

But then, in your Feb. 24, 1975 SCORECARD you stated that Fred Newman, in his quest to sink more consecutive free throws than anyone before him, had missed the mark of consecutive free throws (386) by 24. Now if St. Martin had made 927, how could 386 be the record? The same SCORECARD item further states that in November 1974 Newman had made 1,418 straight free throws. But if St. Martin made 927 after Newman had made 1,418, how could St. Martin have set the record?

Coming back to your Dec. 22-29 issue and Cohen's record 598 consecutive free throws, his total is lower than both St. Martin's and Newman's. This SCORECARD item also says Bunny Levitt had the most free throws in a row by a pro with 499. If Levitt is a pro

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19TH HOLE *continued*

and none of the others is, his record is safe. Your item further states that the highest previous total by an amateur was 200.

Please tell me what the record is for consecutive free throws—499, 386, 598, 1,418, 200 or 927—and who holds it. I hope you can clear up this confusion.

Miki Gura

Doylstown, Pa.

• O.K., here goes. Harold (Bunny) Levitt was a high school student in Chicago when he sank a record 499 consecutive free throws in a national contest in 1935. What's more, after he missed No. 500, he continued to shoot, making 371 in a row for a grand total of 870 free throws in 871 attempts (99.89%; in 7½ hours. (He might have gone on but at 3 a.m. the junior closed up and sent the audience home.) Levitt's record, which is recognized by the AAU and is the only one set in competition, went unmatched until 1971, when Ted St. Martin set about becoming a world-title holder. He succeeded with 927 consecutive free throws, and on Feb. 28, 1975 he raised that mark to 1,704, beating Fred Newman's 1,418. But that was in an exhibition. St. Martin also has made 11,932 of 13,151 free throws (90.73%;) during a 24-hour demonstration and 6,698 of 6,800 in eight hours, for 98.5% of 850 shots per hour. On the basis of the latter performance, St. Martin claims to be the "world's fastest shooter with accuracy." His 24-hour record, however, has been broken by Newman, who last year was successful on 12,874 of 13,116 tries (98.19%;) from the foul line, also in an exhibition. As for Hal Cohen, he made his string of 598 free throws during a high school practice session and reportedly still holds the record in that "category." There are a couple of other marks to aim for, too. On May 18, 1972, at Maine East High School in Park Ridge, Ill., John T. Sebastian, a 50-year-old trick-shot artist and driver-education teacher, made 63 free throws in a row while blindfolded, and another trick-shot specialist named Wilfred Heitzel, who used to try to beat Bunny Levitt in free-throw contests between halves of Harlem Globetrotter games, is noted in the record books for making 144 straight while standing on one foot. ED.

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